THE PRESENT AGE.

$2.00 PER YEAR. TO BE LIKE HEAVEN LET US ASPIRE TO HEAVEN, TO BE LIKE GOD LET US ASPIRE TO GOD.—*A. J. Davis.* IN ADVANCE.

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IS IT POSSIBLE!

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mecca was left behind; first the stage then the railroad, and once more they felt themselves awakening into their native, active, buoyant life.

"How the mercury in my veins rises!" exclaimed Jessie as they whirled Eastward on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad; "verily we belong more to the city than the country; now we are returning to our old love, our old life—the city; we are in the world again—the moving, active world."

Never previously had they been so long, continuously in the country. Two—almost three—long, bitter, waiting, hoping, doubting, fearing years they had thus passed; and now the scene was changed, no wonder Jessie felt exultant.

"I believe," Jane remarked, "that Jessie feels at this moment as Charles Lamb felt at all times, poet though he was—that she loves the city better far than the country; or perhaps she might say in child's language that she loves both best."

"The log cabin was very nice—very; so were the glorious, green old woods; yet by birth, habit, parentage or all three, I love the city with its bright sights, its bright lights, its bright faces, its concentrated life and all the crowding, jostling bustling world of people."

When they arrived in Philadelphia, to their surprise Gavin was awaiting them. He had written that he thought it would be impossible for him to be present, but there he was to their great delight, looking exceedingly healthy and full of life and spirits.

On the next day Jessie and friend Martindale were married in the Swedenborgian Vegetarian church; as we look in, the ceremony is just completed; yonder is the bride, now Mrs. Jessie Martindale, looking as happy and radiant as any good little girl did on her wedding day, and gathered around her we behold all our friends together.

Hannah Tilghman is all smiles; I presume she is wishing for dog Ponto that she might express all she feels in a romp and a jump. How filled with calm content her skeptical husband William; but skeptic though he be he is the soul of honor, a lover—a worshiper of truth, never fearing to follow wherever he believes it to lead. Every one in this party we know profoundly respected him.

While the Rev. Dr. Meredith shakes hands with the bride and congratulates her and her husband, Mrs. Meredith wipes away a tear that unbidden stole to her eye at that moment. Time is dealing very gently with the aged couple, and though the minister has seen the frosts of nearly seventy winters, his faculties are just as bright as they were twelve years ago when Jane first made his acquaintance.

Mrs. Meredith is her own good sterling self both in affection and justice; to-day the former trait stands foremost; she has, she declares, been thinking of her dear little Jessie every day, and all the day for a week.

That evening a small party met in the minister's parlor; among them are whom do you suppose? Why our old acquaintances Martha and Caleb Carman.

"Thee is not a bit changed," said Martha Carman to Jessie; "only thee looks—I hardly know what; but I could fancy thee had been very sad; I suppose thy mother's death affected thee."

To Mrs. Carman it would have been an Arabian night's tale—these experiences of the last two years, which had written on Jane's face these sad hieroglyphics; none but the initiated could read their story.

In the course of the evening the minister remarked to Jane:—"So, you have met with many and unexpected difficulties in the practical application of psychometry; but I am quite sure, from the careful experiments made while you were in Philadelphia, that psychometry is true."

Jane then gave him an outline of their experiments in the oil regions, and the difficulties which they had encountered. In the first place they had not learned to measure depths correctly. Secondly, the difficulty in judging whether the oil seen there was in paying quantities or not, when, as in Mecca, it was drawn from crevices connected with an infinite number of water veins, and not from a fountain of oil.

Then she went over much of the ground with which we have become by this time quite familiar, viz: That these objections could only partially and exceptionally apply to metals, which when psychometrically seen were *there*, not being merely deposited; neither fluctuating, as a fluid like oil, subject it to hydraulic laws, must be necessarily; and that as to depth many metals, like lead in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, were found only in certain strata and within certain depths, and that hence, Psychometry might and probably could be applied in such directions with incalculable advantage.

Then she went over many of the proofs which they had gathered of the truth of Psychometry, notwithstanding their failures and disappointments. When boring in B—— the *color* of the strata through which they would successively pass was accurately given beforehand, but in the *depth* of each they were never correct. Veins of oil had been touched after such-and-such strata were passed just as previously indicated; the pulverized rock from the boring in B—— had been dried in an oven and then, with other similar specimens from which it could not be distinguished but by labels, was folded in separate wrappers; yet though repeatedly done, the psychometer knowing nothing of the circumstances until after the examination, the specimens from the B—— well invariably brought the psychometer to that well, and never elsewhere.

Again, a gentleman who had a well in Titusville brought a specimen of oil from the well with the question, "What shall I do? my well is giving out."

"Put it down deeper, and you will have a better well than ever," said in substance both Jane and Jessie, adding, "you will find your drilling apparatus drop suddenly if you go as far as I intend." This man did so, and on reaching a certain point, seventeen feet below the previous depth of the well, the drill suddenly dropped several feet—a very unusual occurrence. On again pumping the well they obtained nearly thrice as much oil, per diem as the well had previously averaged.

While in Titusville, three specimens from places then being drilled were psychometrically examined and no oil seen; these places were finally abandoned (though one was put down four hundred feet) because they found no oil.

A well then being bored was psychometrically designated as far superior to one located at some distance then in working order; it was also stated that the latter would not, when the former came to be pumped, yield as much as previously, for the reason that both would draw from the same spring, the new well being more directly above the spring than the old one. The result again proved Psychometry to be correct.

On another occasion Jane, with Gavin, visited a spot which had been chosen for a well by a friend of theirs. "If this is not a good place," remarked the friend, "we will take another, or any place you may designate."

"There is oil here," said Jane, "but it is deep; judging from the depths of other wells in this vicinity, you will have to go I should think, a thousand feet or more; but you will have a moderately good well." The well was put down to a depth of eleven hundred feet, and when pumped, yielded forty barrels of oil daily.

One evening about dusk as she was riding on horseback with Gavin near Titusville, examining land and oil wells, they came near one at which five or six gentlemen were standing. One of them advanced to Jane, and said to her, "Madam, I have heard of your strange power; will you be so kind as to examine those two wells and give us particulars?" Jane was assisted to alight, and went to the nearest well. In a few moments she said: "This well gives less oil than that well; yet this is a deeper well; in it you obtain your oil from three small veins; but in the other it all comes from one crevice." The driller of the well being present, was called upon to testify as to the facts, which, he said, strictly accorded with her statement.

In Mecca, the well located near "the Corners" was allowed by all at the time, to be the best well in the vicinity, no well in Mecca having, up to that time, yielded such quantities of oil with the sand-pumps. Psychometry had been thus proved reliable and practicable. Another well put down within ten feet of it by other parties and worked by a powerful engine soon after Gavin had commenced with his smaller engine to pump, had destroyed their prospects for pecuniary success. Then Jane explained the manner in which the sand-stone rock in Mecca, was interpenetrated by innumerable fissures into which water flowed, mixed with more or less oil, and the almost inevitable connection that must exist between two wells so nearly adjacent. Jane never lost sight of the fact that the Mecca well, though pecuniarily it might be considered a failure, was psychometrically a success.

At the same time she remarked to the minister that at a very great depth, probably two or three thousand feet (though, not having yet learned to measure depths, she could not be explicit on that head) there were large reservoirs and lakes of oil lying in cavities of the rock; and that, had she adequate means she would put down one or more wells, to reach these immense accumulations of oil. One of the largest of those lakes, she added, extended in a south south-east direction from Power's Corners, commencing within about half a mile of that locality.

"What psychometry can do," continued Jane, "what we have demonstrated, is just this: It can say, in such and such places, at depths accessible or inaccessible, there is oil, or there is not oil; there is gold or there is not gold; there is a large quantity or there is a small quantity. This is all we have learned. Others may—or we may in the future—learn more; but any farther than this is now, to us darkness."

"Mind may overcome those obstacles as well as others that may hereafter present themselves," remarked the minister meditatively; "and you may yet learn the laws regulating the measurement psychometrically, of depths, as other laws have been learned—by repeated trials and repeated failures alternating in gradual success. To me the subject of psychometry has ever been one of deep interest, because of its close relations to the immortal principle which, by its means, is made manifest to the intellect and even to the senses, thus, as it were, bringing the kingdom of heaven among us, which to many seems so far off and unreal, even where a nominal profession of faith in its reality is so freely accorded. To what belong those eyes that can see through gross matter and pierce to the very bowels of the earth? To what belong those ears that can hear sounds whose echoes were heard ages ago? Those eyes and ears belong to the immortal principle which is akin to Deity. Psychometry is the child effort of the spirit—the promise of its adult capacities in another state of existance."

William Tilghman hearing the last remarks of the speaker took a seat near them, saying: "From the earliest stages of our psychometric experience we have thought that everything in nature had a sphere, aroma or essence especially its own, and as distinct and real as the peculiar properties of the magnet, though intangible to the outward senses. As the magnet by friction imparts its power (though unaccompanied by any change that analytical chemistry can detect) so we have believed that each object in nature imparts of its inherent quality or character to surrounding objects, thus writing on them its history in characters decipherable by the intuitive faculty. My reading and reflection during the past winter—especially in chemistry—have enabled me to collect material by which some of our propositions have not only been confirmed, but given in a more definite form and more scientific basis.

"The process of investigation followed by the ancient philosophers, not being to any extent based on experiment, led them to the conclusion that matter when it disappeared was destroyed, and caused them to mistake *growth* for *creation*. But tested on the Baconian—or inductive—principle it was ascertained to be a fundamental law that *'ponderable* matter was *indestructible*, and had neither been increased nor diminished since creation.' Allow me to read a summary exposition of the latest results of scientific theory and experiment in this direction. (Here he took from his pocket a small pamphlet and read:)

"As careful and accurate investigations of ponderable matter were pushed forward, certain exceptional phenomena presented themselves which could not be explained, accumulating to such a degree that the scientists of the age were compelled to direct their attention more especially to the *imponderable* agents, as they were called, commonly known as heat, light, electricity, magnetism and vital force.

"The investigation of heat, as one result, gave the various applications of steam; the study of light gave us the various branches of photography; the study of electricity resulted in the electrotype, and magnetism gave us the telegraph.

"The study of vital force has not been fruitful of results from the fact that it has barely commenced. * * * *

"In January, 1842, Grove gave the following views: 'Light, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Motion and Chemical Affinity, are all convertible material affections; assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect. Thus, heat may be said to produce electricity, electricity produce magnetism, and so on of the rest.'

"In May 1842, Mayer sustained the following proposition, viz: 'Two classes of causes occur in nature, which, so far as experience goes, never pass one into the other. The first class consists of causes which possess the properties of weight and impenetrability. These are kinds of matter. The other class is made up of causes which are wanting in the properties just mentioned, viz: forces, called also imponderables, from the negative property that has been indicated. Forces, therefore, are indestructible, convertible, imponderable agents,'"

"In 1843, Colding, Helmholtz and Joule independently followed nearly the same path and *reached the same results.*

"In February, 1843, Dr. Silas L. Loomis, of Washington, D. C. advanced the following principles:

"1. Among all the infinite variety of substances the chemist reckons only fifty-five elementary ones, and they do not assert as absolutely simple, but call them so for convenience. The probable truth is that there is only simple, ponderable substance.

"2. There is an ether pervading all creation which exhibits itself under the forms of electricity, galvanism, light, caloric, etc., and though electricity is not magnetism, or caloric or light, it is the same fluid under a different form. So with life or vital force; it is one form of this other, and exhibits differently as it acts on animal, vegetable or mineral substances."

"From 1843 the number of independent investigators increased rapidly, all arriving at the same result, viz: 'The correlation and conservation of forces.'"

In 1850 Carpenter published his work extending these *to include 'vital force.'*"

"Helmholtz enunciated the great law of 'conservation of force' in the following terms: 'Nature, as a whole, possesses a store of force which cannot in any way be either increased or diminished, and that, therefore, the quantity of force is just as eternal and unalterable as the quantity of matter.'

"Professor Henry has given the great law of the 'correlation of forces as follows: 'The general conclusion which has been arrived at is, that all the different physical energies, whether that which is called chemical action, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, or muscular motion or mechanical power, are all referred to the disturbance of the equilibrium of the atoms, and its subsequent restoration, due to their attractions and repulsions, and that all these forms of energy are, in one sense, convertible into each other; or, in other words, the force generated in the restoration of the equlibrium in the one case is sufficient to disturb it, though in a different form perhaps, in another.'

"It is now generally admitted that these two new laws of matter, *that force is indestructible and convertible*, 'constitute the most important discovery of the present century.'"

"They compel scientists to review all their previous investigations, and essentially modify their views of the 'general constitution of matter.'"

"In 1864 Dr. Silas L. Loomis makes the following general summary of the laws governing the general constitution of matter:"

"1. All created substances exist under two forms, ponderable material and imponderable material or force.

"2. A definite amount of ponderable substance was created at the beginning, and has been neither increased nor diminished.

"3. A definite amount of imponderable substance, or force, was created at the beginning and has been neither increased nor diminished."

"4. All the forms of ponderable matter are but the aggregations of elemental ponderable atoms, under different circumstances and relations.

"5. All the forms of imponderable substance, or force, are but the various manifestations of the elemental atoms of force, under different circumstances and relations.

"It will be observed that there is a remarkable correspondence of those laws with the principles before referred to as having been enunciated by Dr. Loomis, in 1843, to which laws he in 1862 added another, extending the 'Atomic Theory of Dalton' to force as well as ponderable material; or, in other words makes the atomic theory cover both forms of matter, the ponderable or gross, and the imponderable or force matter, viz., Law 6. *Imponderable material, or force, in definite quantity, must be an elemental constituent of every ponderable body.*

"Under the law of conservation of force we are compelled to adopt the idea of *force atoms*, as under the law of the conservation of matter we were compelled to adopt the atomic theory Necessarily, therefore, under Law 6, the determination of the equivalents of heat, light, chemical affinity, electricity, magnetism, mechanical force, muscular motion, vitality and every other form of force must be ultimately effected. Dr. Loomis then adds the following which bears most directly on our subject.

"The value of this law cannot now be estimated. The results which must arise from the determination of the equivalents of the various forms of imponderable matter, will far exceed those which followed the determination of those of the ponderable material. But aside from these vast and reasonably anticipated results, an entirely new and intensely interesting class of phenomena presents itself for our consideration based as a necessity on the atomic constitution of matter.

"Every individual elemental atom may be considered as being alike in its constitution, having a central ponderable atom surrounded with a certain number of coatings of imponderable or force atoms. Every atom of each element having the same number of coatings. A portion of these coatings may be permanently and immovably attached as a constituent of the elemental atom, and these are fixed; but over these there may be fluid coatings which may vary in number without changing the fixed character of the elemental atom or sphere. Between these ultimate spheres, *when aggregated in mass*, unattached force atoms as light, heat, electricity, motion &c, are constantly passing in quantity depending on surrounding conditions, but *when aggregated as organized beings* in the broadest sense of the term including crystals, cells, vegetables and animals unattached force atoms in the form of life, or vital force, nerve force, will power, as well as all kinds of force belonging to the aggregated unorganized mass are constantly passing in quantity depending on surrounding and organic conditions. In the aggregated mass, this movement is subject to no control beyond the general laws of matter, but in the organic body this movement is subject to control depending on the particular constitution of the individual body under consideration.

"Now an aggregation of such atoms must of necessity give two surfaces to the resulting body, 1st. the surface of the gross atoms, and 2nd, an exterior surface of the force atoms, called the SUPERSURFACE.

"Both these surfaces are exposed to the action of disturbing forces and the effects of those forces are as equally marked on the *supersurface* as on the ordinarily *visible gross surface.*

"Now considering the vast amount of information which may be gained from the observation of the surface of gross matter and remembering the infinitely more delicate structure of the supersurface, being composed of atoms of an infinitely higher order than the gross material, we are at once compelled to believe that 'this supersurface contains as it were a kind of photographic record of all the changes produced by every disturbing force with which it has been in contact.

"It is also equally well established that these impressions or effects of force are not confined to this supersurface but permeate the entire body and hence may be permanently recorded.

"If now these delicately delineated records can be approached by any faculty of the human mind, the intimate or remote relation of bodies to each other, their history, and the movements of all animated beings as thus photographed will be more or less brought to view, and thus a new source of knowledge, too vast for human conception, will be placed within our reach. My present impression from personal investigation is that under certain conditions these surfaces may be seen and some of their impressions interpreted."

"Now I claim," said William when he had finished reading the above, "that it is this *ether*, or force appertaining to matter of which Dr. Loomis speaks, that impresses itself and is impressed. Each object in nature contains this force and by it impresses itself on the force or ether contained in every other object in its vicinity, leaving its impression as surely as that of a person daguerreotyped on a plate chemically prepared for the purpose, which impression, though not immediately visible, is none the less there because latent; and so is the impression of which the psychometric faculty takes cognizance, though recognizable only by a peculiar sense. Thus is the history of the world indelibly impressed on the ether or force in every atom—on the rocks composing the world, not only geologically but psychometrically. As from a piece of writing or clothing we proved in the infancy of our experiments that enough of the peculiar sphere, force or ether of the individual had been left to enable the character of the writer or wearer to be given—so on the rocks and fossils of past ages was enough of the ether, or force through which they passed still remaining for a psychometer, or person of cultivated intuition, to see all a given specimen might have seen and hear all it might have heard, had it possessed the requisite faculties. Now this, I argue, is a natural faculty, as natural as those, whereby we compare, reason, laugh, or talk."

"Every person," said the minister, "has a soul and each soul possesses faculties and organs analogous to those you find in the brain. The spiritual is the most real; this world and all it contains is but the shadow or reflection of that—the substance."

But William continued:—"If it be a faculty of the brain; if the past as well as the present condition can by it be seen and described; if by it, sounds made ages ago can be heard; then people who have lived or are living among us, giving out their magnetism, aroma, vital force or whatever that may be called which is cognized by this sense—must be writing their feelings and actions on the houses they inhabit, on the streets they frequent—indeed, wherever they go, and thus are continually giving out "ghost" or "spirits" of themselves that in suitable conditions may be seen and heard, whether the originating persons are dead or not dead. Now as there is a germ of truth in all things that have obtained general currency, so in this modern Spiritualism I see this germ, psychometry. The reflections, the magnetism, the aroma of individuals are psychometrically seen, and not the individuals themselves; and this will explain and sweep away every 'spiritual' story that was ever told, fancied or believed. All the spiritual and religious ideas that have ever existed, I see have had their basis on this natural faculty—intuitiveness manifested in Psychometry."

"The purport of William's explanation," rejoined the minister, "appears to be this: That because Psychometry might explain much that is attributed to the direct agency of spiritual beings, therefore there are no spiritual beings; because we have a spiritual faculty in its germ, therefore we can never have it in its fullness; because we have the bud, therefore we can never have flower or fruit."

William only smiled, feeling that although his position had been in some degree correctly stated, he was still of the same opinion.

"He will not be convinced," said the minister, "by any reasoning: he must have facts, and perhaps in the unfoldings of the current era he may obtain such as he needs. He wears spectacles of a well defined hue and sees objects tinged accordingly, perhaps all of us do this more or less. In reference, however, to the bearing of this subject on current modes of thought, it may be appropriate to observe that a great objection in the minds of materialists to the teachings of religion is that, according to the commonly received ideas new faculties, new powers were to be given to the spirit after death, hence making everybody somebody else, entirely destroying individualities. Now Psychometry shows us the *germs* of those faculties in our *present* existence; it may thus be said, here and now are the beginnings of all we claim for the spirit in another state of existence, and if so much can be done now in our house of clay, how much more glorious, how much more abundant will be those fully developed capacities when 'this mortal shall have put on immortality.'"

"I wish to tell thee, Dr. Meredith," said Jane, "something new in this Psychometry, and yet I am almost ashamed to speak of it."

"Why, what is it, my child?"

"It is this: sometimes, when I am first introduced to persons, some particular events of their lives pass before me: something they have done, or some special transactions in which they were participants, come to me. On two or three occasions I have seen what appeared to be their future."

"How do you feel at such times?"

"Quite natural, just as when I psychometrize. I have, however, observed that this picture impression, or whatever it may be, seems to be taken from the individual personally; for instance, while looking at the person I read or see his or her past. Let me give thee one case: A gentleman called at our log cabin in Mecca to see Gavin about his wells. Immediately on looking in his face I saw that he had once been a wealthy man, but had suddenly lost all he possessed, and had been imprisoned for some crime connected with this circumstance, of which he was innocent. From this thread I naturally stepped forward to the future, and saw that he thought of going to some particular place in a southerly direction and practicing as a lawyer, and that if he did so he would succeed. The gentleman left, and I did not like to tell him at the time. On the same evening he called again, when, as an experiment I told him what I had perceived. He was astounded, said I was right as to the past and hoped I was also right in regard to his future. I have since learned from him, that having gone to the place he had on his mind at the time, he met with rapid success. He is now a lawyer of large practice in southern Illinois."

The minister then observed that this power, so far as related to the past, was not new; and instanced the peculiar experience of Heinrich Zschokke, a German writer of note, detailing his immediate and accurate insight into the minutest details, pertaining to the lives of entire strangers whom he casually met and his conversation with a Tyrolese fruit-peddler whom he ascertained to possess the same remarkable power. In the absence of sufficient space, however, the reader is referred to the "Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke" for particulars.

"All this," said the minister, "proves the divine origin of man and the immortality of the spirit. Christ, our elder brother, who was 'in *all points as we are*' with one exception, 'being without sin,' was in the performance of his Divine mission highly intuitive; the woman of Samaria said, 'he told me all that ever I did.'"

When Mrs. Carman was about to go home, she said to Jane in a low voice, her beautiful blue eyes as charming as they had ever been when a smile lighted them up: "Thee used to think me a very wicked woman, did thee not, Jane? thee said I ought to have been a slave-driver; thee sees I have not forgotten! but thee knows I had so many cares!"

As Jane put on Mrs. Carman's bonnet and tied it, feeling all the charm of her beautiful face, she answered. "Perhaps I did sometimes think thee unkind and unjust, but I always thought thee one of the best of mothers, and always pleasant when not in a hurry," (emphasizing the last word.)

Mrs. Carman smiled at that word "hurry." "O, thee is comical, I see!" she said. Jane's thoughts as she looked at her were, "What a beautiful countenance—so sweet in expression! the spirit that looks through those eyes must be good."

Jane realized that all she had experienced from her was but the result of acquisitiveness—a careful, saving, hoarding disposition—for the sake of her children. They must not keep more than one servant; work must be done at the lowest rates; time must be economized to the utmost, hence hurry, hurry! was her motto. She was herself but a superior servant, a drudge in her own household. Now she was prematurely old, bent down as with exceeding old age, though only forty-five summers had been hers. She had clipped the wings of her soul and was "hurrying" to an untimely grave.

"If ever we have occasion to re-visit Philadelphia," Gavin had often said to Jane, "we will go and see the house where thee and Jessie lived with your mother during the dark days." Accordingly Jane with Gavin, Jessie and Thomas Martindale took the ferry-boat early the next day for the purpose of visiting Camden.

Many years having passed since they had crossed and re-crossed that river, the place had grown very considerably; hence it was difficult to find the house; after looking around for awhile they returned to the ferry, when Jessie easily led them to the very house in which they had lived. There it was—a frame house that had not seen paint since it had seen our two friends. There were the windows of their two rooms in which they and their mother had sewed from morning to night day after day—the window of the attic in which Jane had slept, when left all alone, Charles Upland gone, her mother and sister on their way to Western Virginia, had slept so well, though all before her was in darkness. Those steps—ah, how often Jane had ascended and descended them with an aching heart! "Dear Gavin," she said as they stood opposite the house looking up at those windows; "could I have known all the bliss that would come to me, and is mine now, I should have been very brave."

"Thee was brave, little woman," said Gavin (falling into the Quaker "thee") as he pressed her hand; "but I can't realize that my Jane and thy sister and thy good mother ever lived in that dingy place."

"It does not seem to me that ever I lived there," said Jessie; "and yet I know I used to walk over that green when recovering from my long illness; but it is all a dream."

As they stood opposite the house a few women looked wonderingly at them, and then at the house which was the subject of their observations; this induced them to move, though Jane said as they did so that she would have liked to sit down and look at the house for an hour; "or I would like still more to go into those rooms and sit where dear mother used to sit so patiently and so pleasantly sewing; I could almost fancy I saw her." Then they slowly walked over the green, where Jane had so often walked with little Charley and his father.

"What a contrast," she remarked; "I scarcely recognize myself—then and now. How often, after little Charley was taken away, I walked over this green with an aching heart; but now—Gavin, dear Gavin—how blessed is my portion!" "I love you, darling," Gavin said, as he pressed her hand affectionately.

As soon as they re-crossed the river they were joined by William and Hannah Tilghman, who, at their earnest request, had decided to accompany them to Washington.

While *en route* Hannah said to Jane, who was sitting with Oscar in the next seat forward, "Oscar saw thy old friend, Charles Upland about a month ago."

"Indeed!" said Jane in utter astonishment: "then he has returned from Peru; how came thee to see him, Oscar? tell me all about it."

"William," he replied "had some business to transact in ——, Indiana, and I accompanied him for the pleasure of the journey. While there I was introduced by a gentleman to a Mr. Upland; thee may guess my surprise when I recognized the Charles Upland of the past. I visited his home—a beautiful spot; the grounds are laid out with great taste. He never tired of talking about thee and Jessie, asked all about Gavin, thy child, etc., etc."

"Is he not married?"

"O yes! he is married to a rather tall, rather pretty, rather unhealthy lady; I think she is consumptive; he had been married about three months, he told me."

"What about the child Charley?"

"He is a large boy, I should think thirteen or fourteen years of age, or perhaps more; but (here he paused) he is a terrible hunchback."

"Charley a hunchback! O, my poor little, beautiful Charley! How can that have come to pass? What was the cause?"

"Charles Upland said he could not learn the cause. Those people who had the care of the child had told him that he began to show deformity when about six years of age. Charles is a very unhappy man. He has spent so many years in Peru, and has thereby become so attached or accustomed to many things that do not obtain in the United States that he talks of returning thither; but when in Peru he sighs for the society of the United States, and thus is never at rest. I was at his house several times; he was kind and attentive to his wife and I thought she appeared quite attached to him."

"Poor little Charley?" was all that Jane could say; her memory was picturing a little *fellow in an embroidered blue merino dress, black plush hat and black feather, his form* erect, the picture of sturdy strength. She was thinking, too, of her pride in and love for the child. She took up her own child that just then looked wonderingly in her face, and clasped him to her bosom, saying, "My poor little, motherless Charlie! how I did love the child!"

Oscar continued: "Charles Upland has bought a farm for his father and mother near his own place. He pointed it out to me, but I did not go there. Thee did well to miss him, Jane; I thought so as I looked at him. He is naturally a discontented, unhappy man. O, I nearly forgot! He said that he received thy letter; that he intends to return to Peru next spring and cannot make it convenient to visit our family."

"I am glad that he is married," Jane said; "except my poor little Charley, it is all as it should be."

(To be Continued.)

SYNOPSIS REPORT

Of a Discussion on Spiritualism between Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, (Methodist) of Appleton, Wisconsin, and W. F. Jamieson, (Spiritualist) of Chicago, Ill., at Prescott, Wisconsin, on the evenings of May 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, June 1, 2, and 3, 1870.

THIRD EVENING.

MR. JAMIESON.

Mr. President, Getlemen Moderators, Ladies and Gentlemen, and my respected Opponent:

Brother Haddock treated us to another batch af a great variety of sentiment among Spiritualists. Some of those sentiments were good, and some otherwise. He speaks of them, too, as if Spiritualists were obligated to believe every word uttered by mortal and immortal, just as he does the Bible, absurdities and all. This is the difference between us, while he endorses certain revelations on authority, we accept nothing that does not accord with reason. Thus we can encourage the freest expression, and sanction that only which to us is beautifully true. Our opponents stifle freedom to ensure their own purity, and fail after all! They talk as if they were the custodians of all true religion and sound morality; as if they had a monopoly of godliness. Indeed they remind me of the prayer of a certain holy man: "God I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

[The speaker then devoted the balance of the evening to proofs of spirit-communion, Mr. Haddock replying to the effect that Spiritualists are all deceived. What follows is the substance of the subsequent five evenings debate.]

MR. HADDOCK. A mere belief in the immortality of the soul does not make any man better.

MR. JAMIESON. A knowledge that we shall live hereafter and be rewarded and punished according to the deeds done in the body, does.

MR. H. Soloman was a Spiritualist in theory and practice; his soul is in hell; now get him out if you can.

MR. J. Poor Soloman! We are told that he was the wisest man that ever lived, —and a Spiritualist! But, we are informed that he is in hell. Chapter and verse for that, if you please. Brother Haddock has received a "communication" from him. Surely, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." If the wisest man has gone to hell, how comforting that must be to fools, for no one pretends to believe that God damns fools.

MR. H. Dealing with the dead is one feature of false religions.

MR. J. The Bible and Josephus say the Jews had dealings with the dead.

MR. H. Judge Edmunds and others say spirits deceive by personating your friends, so that you cannot be sure that you are communicating with them. They assume different forms, appearing at times in flowing robes, as when they were children at different stages of growth.

MR. J. Men and women can so change their appearance as not to be recognized by intimate friends; who, on that account, disbelieves in men and women and denies evidence and testimony of the senses? It has always been difficult for Christians to distinguish the devil from God. Who moved David to number Israel?

MR. H. Potter believes in three material hells, one above the other, and all communications came from them. The Protestants have got above a material hell. Mothers, think of receiving communications from your children in hell!

MR. J. I have had several hints that hell is undergoing improvements If Potter tells the truth, the Spiritualists have elevated it not less than sixty miles; comfortable place to live now. I always thought they would raise hell at last.

MR. H. He admits that spirits have not been seen; but that spirit bodies are seen.—Are those spirit bodies material?

MR. J. Spirit of itself, I said, is eternally invisible; and, in fact, we do not see each other, only pictures reflected upon the retina of the eye. Yes, bodies are material, or else they could not be *bodies.*

MR. H. We get our communications right from God himself, the fountain head. The true Spiritualism is the Spiritualism of the Bible and Christianity. Modern Spiritualism is a false Spiritualism.

MR. J. That is convincing!

MR. H. I do not say this is the work of the devil, although the devil is mixed up with everything mean. A certain proportion is jugglery, another portion is deception, hallucinations and trickery, and now has my friend rendered Spiritualism absolutely certain?

MR. J. Rival sects charge each other with entertaining the devil. Have I rendered Spiritualism absolutely certain? Yes, sir; as far as human testimony goes, and that is all I promised to do. He makes an abundance of mere assertions.

MR. H. Beecher longs to believe in these *things; but the more he has examined, the better he is satisfied that there is nothing* real in Spirtualism of itself.

MR. J. Mr. Beecher longs for the evidences which thousands of Spiritualists have; and yet Mr. Haddock declared, in the former part of the debate, that "immortality is not necessary to be proved. Only one," he said, "out of one hundred, doubts immortality, and those who doubt are *monstrosities!*" Quite a compliment to Mr. Beecher!

MR. H. I believe God has called me into the work to show up Spiritualism.

MR. J. The devil, I suppose, helps me. I am ready to meet Mr. Haddock anywhere in Wisconsin, Minnesota, or elsewhere in the Union.

MR. H. By Christian writers I do not mean Unitarians, I do not mean Mormons, I do not mean those Bible —— what do you call them? people living in New York?

MR. J. And my opponent is the one who does not believe in individuality. I don't propose to settle your family quarrels. You expect me to abide by all that any Spiritualist writer says, but you claim the right to reject *every* Christian writer who does not coincide with your opinion. I am applying your own rule; all those writers I have quoted are *Christian* writers. Bible *communists* are what my friend could not remember.

MR. H. The Chicago paper says there are spirits resembling men who make worlds and trundle them off to their places.

MR. J A speculation as reasonable as nine tenths of orthodox speculations, no more inconsistent than your theory of world-building. While you are bound to believe such nonsense as recorded in Genesis, Spiritualists are not green goslings with mouths wide open to swallow everything somebody may say.

MR. H. Truth is the standard. Truth is higher than reason; therefore truth, and not reason, is the standard. The lesser cannot be a standard to the greater.

MR. J. Gold is weighed, measured. It is not the standard of the scales, although it is more valuable. We might as well call *cloth* the measure instead of the yard-stick. What is it that thinks? weighs? measures? Without reason there could be no measure of truth; truth could have no value;—of what value is truth to an unreasoning brute? Without reason there is no standard by which truth could be distinguished from error.

MR. H. We are to use our judgment under the standard of the Bible. John Wesley believed every word of the Bible is the Word of God, and so do I. John Wesley believed in individuality it is true; but not such individuality as license; but the Spiritualists believe there is no God but nature.

NOTE: Since writing out these notes, Mr. Haddock has published a synopsis of the debate in the *Prescott Journal.* As he was anxious I should close the discussion, I will gratify him by publishing his synopsis first, and mine will follow, which was the order he proposed for their delivery as I am perfectly willing he should have the credit, for a week, of making out a case before I vouchsafe a reply. It would have been far more agreeable to my feelings to have had him share with me in the preparation of the report. Brother Haddock's ruffled manner against the Spiritualists detracted greatly from his efforts. He made several good speeches, but is a novice in the debating arena, although he is some fifteen years my senior. After he will have had a more extensive debating practice, he will then know that personal enmity against any class of people is a source of weakness and constant irritation to himself. Though he gave public notice that he did not wish to cultivate "friendly relations" with Spiritualists, I was determined to cultivate his friendly feelings, and extended my hand to him at the close of each evening's "tilt," except one evening, when I waited to see if he would recognize the "reciprocity treaty," but he did not. However, on the whole, I think the debate did him good, as well as myself and the people. I enjoy such intellectual contests with amazing relish. Conducted earnestly, yet kindly, I know of nothing better calculated to awaken thought and advance the cause of truth.—W. F. J.]

The Present Age.

DORUS M. FOX, : : : Editor.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE, MISS NETTIE M. PEASE. } Associate Editors.

MRS. S. A. HORTON, A. B. FRENCH, DR. F. L. WADSWORTH. LOIS WAISBROOKER, W. F. JAMIESON, } Corresponding Editors.

S. LOVELAND : . . Editor Pacific Department.

ANNIE D. CRIDGE, : : Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, July 16, 1870.

Whither Are We Tending?

This question we ask particularly with reference to the course of events, considered in a *political* rather than a religious aspect. We have as a people just celebrated our national anniversary and have listened to the usual song of self-adulation, heard much about our "glorious government, the best on which the sun ever shone, the home of the brave, the land of the free," &c. Spread-eagle orators have vied with each other in proclaiming that here, rich and poor meet on planes of equality, the way is open and free for the poor to become rich, all are regarded as God's children, and alike entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These high-flown sentiments with which the people have been regaled, are all well enough, but unfortunately are not all true. We would be the last to disparage the government, under whose benign influence we live, a government that *it has cost so much blood and treasure to obtain and maintain*; yet is it not better, is it not our duty, instead of thus amiably indulging in this self-glorification as to what we have accomplished, seriously ask as to the dangers which threaten the ship of state, and inquire further what work remains for us to do to make this country what we boastingly proclaim it to be? Thousands of the true friends of our government are asking: *Will our system last?* are there not influences even now at work which will sooner or later cause its overthrow?

To the calm looker-on, to him who cares less for party, than for the preservation of our republican form of government, and the perpetuation of our free institutions, the present corrupt practices in Congress and all the departments of the government, the inevitable tendency to *centralization* of power, the increasing preponderancy of capital over labor, the growing power of immense monopolies of every kind, and their successful resort to unblushing bribery to procure the favorable legislation of Congress whereby immense grants of land are obtained with exclusive privileges, we say, to the true patriot all these things are fearfully alarming, and awaken the deepest anxiety.

We could fill a column of our paper each week with instances of this character in every State, yet perhaps more marked in our national legislation. Here is an instance in Massachusetts:

"MILLIONS TO MONOPOLIES—NOT ONE CENT TO THE LABORER.—Last year the Working-women of Boston asked for a loan from the State of $1,500,000, to enable them to purchase a tract of land upon which to erect cottages, that they might in time have small homes of their own. They proposed the State should own the land and houses till paid for by them, when the property was to become theirs. Their petition was refused.

This year, a railroad asks a present, out and out, of $3,600,000, and it was granted—the money, too, to be spent out of the State, viz., in Connecticut and New York. The poor Working-women had no money to buy up the lobby or to recommend themselves to our wise and humane legislators. We have no disposition to recommend the State to enter the business of buying homes for the unfortunate, especially in the embarrassed condition of the treasury; but if these bonds were to be given away, why not give them in the direction where suffering and want can be relieved?"—*Westfield (Mass.) News Letter.*

When we behold *class* legislation becoming so common, is it to be wondered at that wealth and want are found jostling each other in every community. Is this a necessary state of things? Is there any remedy for it? May we hope for a condition of society in which there shall be no great wealth and no great poverty, but a kind of happy medium: all having plenty, none superfluity, none lacking? This would be about right—and as near "heaven" or contentment as we can get. But will it ever get thus far? We are afraid not, though it may be greatly helped in this direction by improved laws, customs, habits, manners, public opinion, &c., and this, perhaps, is all that can be done in the way of social reform. But even then, there will be some differences in society, for they have their source in our own human nature. So long as some men are stronger, or wiser, or more industrious, temperate, economical, and healthy than others, they will take unto themselves a larger share of the good things. So long as some men are indolent, wasteful, foolish, intemperate, careless, slack, and loaferish, there will be poverty in proportion to their defects. Certainly the kind of legislation now prevailing in Congress can have no other tendency than to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. As an evidence of this read the following extract from proceedings in Congress the past week:

SENATE.

"The tax bill came up as unfinished business, and Mr. Sherman, Chairman of the Finance Committee, stated as the result of the consultation in regard to the bill, they had agreed to let all income taxes go, and, as a substitute, to retain the tax on sugar, as it now is, and also tax on gross receipts.

Mr. Yates moved an amendment prohibiting hereafter all taxes on tea, coffee and sugar. Lost.

Mr. Sherman remarked that the amendment would strike off $56,000,000 of revenue, and if adopted the whole bill should fail.

Mr. Yates advocated his amendment at length."

Here we have Congress voting promptly to release the rich from the income tax, which we presume all our readers understand, provides for taxation on all incomes above $1,000, and the same hour voting to retain the tax on tea, coffee and sugar, which is a direct tax and burden on the laboring classes of the country.

What we have written is in no *party* spirit, but to awaken our readers *of all parties*, to the important subjects to which we call attention. That the people will by-and-by see the inevitable tendency of all this, and arise in their strength, we firmly believe, nevertheless we cannot refrain from inviting all to a consideration of the question used as the heading or our remarks, WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?

Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

NO. 22.

At the appointed time, we again met with the little circle assembled for the purpose of obtaining light from the world beyond. The same class of spirits were present that we met upon the former occasion. By the side of Miss Brown stood the same dark spirit. I saw him absorbing or drawing away the positive power that was generated by the serous coating upon the outer surface of the medium's body, but I was unable to determine what he was trying to accomplish. Turning to my guide, I asked for an explanation.

"He is making an attempt to entrance the medium," was the reply, "he has concentrated his strong will, that is, the action of all the forces of soul and spirit, and directed them to the accomplishment of this one purpose. It is his positive will that absorbs the positive power that you see arising from the medium. If he succeeds in drawing to himself all of this positive power, she will be dead to the outer world, for the medium through which her spirit has communicated with material objects, will have been destroyed, or rather conveyed to another; hence she will think *his* thoughts and speak *his* words; for the time being she will be a perfect reflection of his individuality."

"And her spirit," I questioned, "what will be its condition during this time?"

"It will be in the same condition as during dreamless sleep. In dreams the spirit communicates with the outer world. Through this positive power it sees, suffers, and enjoys. In profound, healthful sleep, there is nothing to disturb the equilibrium of these spiritual forces, and the spirit floats out upon the unconscious side of the circle, as will be manifested in the present instance; one law will control the two, he being the positive and she the negative."

"Is this not injurious to the health and life of the medium?"

"No, it is in perfect accord with the laws governing the material and spiritual body, but the time is not far distant when to this medium, like others more fully developed, spirits can give their thoughts simply by controlling, without withdrawing this positive power. Then the medium will be in full possession of all the faculties of mind, and yet be in such a receptive condition, that the spirit can transfer its thought to the surrounding influence and it will be immediately transferred to the brain of the sensitive."

"How beautiful, how wonderful is this law of mind!" I exclaimed in delight.

"Yes," replied SILVER SPRAY, "and we are but standing in the vestibule of this gorgeous temple." "I have spoken to you of individual control," said our guide, "there is another way by which truths are communicated from higher planes of thought. A circle of illuminated minds concentrate their magnetic power upon the intellectual or spiritual organs of a sensitive until they become illuminated and intensified so that they can receive truth from the great source of all truth. Under this influence the individual seems to *walk among the stars, as easily as Jesus* walked upon the water. He transcends his ordinary powers of mind and seems to feel the hand of the Infinite resting upon his brow. In such moments, inspired minds give integral principles to the world, they rise above the realm of effects where common minds forever dwell, and ascending the mountains of inspiration, sing of the glorious ages yet to be." Oh! the perfection of God's laws, the beauty and harmony of the material and spiritual universe! How little have we understood the majesty and power of those principles that govern and control with an unerring and undeviating exactness. Never, never before had the great law of spiritual growth been so apparent to my mind, never had the era of perfect happiness and harmonious homes, seemed so near the children of earth as at present. I could see the pearly gates standing wide open and the pure white beams of eternal truth, like the benediction from the soul of the universe, falling upon the weary, sin-sick children of earth. I was happy for at that moment my spirit rose into the appreciation of that sublime truth,—all that is, is right.

Again I directed my attention to the spirit, making his first attempt to entrance. After many efforts he succeeded, and never can I forget the horror of the circle, as they listened to the coarse, heavy voice of the spirit, coming from the lips of Miss Brown. He seemed to delight in frightening the circle, he declared that he had got control and he did not care what became of the medium's spirit, he should stay. Attempting to reason with him was of no avail, he insisted upon singing, dancing, and then repeating the story of his wrongs. "I will never forgive her, never, never," he repeated.

Being unused to control, and not understanding the necessity of complying with conditions, he soon lost the power that he had gained, and the medium, who was standing at the time, fell to the floor. It was some time before her friends could restore her to consciousness and make her understand what had taken place. She declared that she did not feel like herself, she felt angry and revengeful. I perceived that this was caused by the influence of the spirit, which the friends did not understand, some of them protesting that if evil spirits were permitted to return, it would be unsafe and unprofitable to communicate with them, and they would therefore have nothing more to do with circles. They did not realize that truth is an endless chain and that they would be compelled to continue to draw in the remaining links; that the same law that permitted an undeveloped spirit to return, also permitted the angels of love and wisdom to draw near. Again we conversed with the unfortunate spirit and tried to persuade him to relinquish his purpose, but he was as immovable as a rock, declaring that the next evening Miss Brown was going out with a party of friends, and he would influence her to put her hand into the bright waters, then he would materialize a hand and draw her down into a watery grave.

"You will regret the course you are taking," said my guide in a mild and pleasant voice, "take my advice and do not add to the years of darkness that yet await you" To this the spirit made no reply, but moved off and was soon lost in the distance. "See how I will prevent this crime," said my guide, as he beckoned four bright spirits to approach. After a short consultation, they drew near to Miss Brown who was now sitting with downcast eyes and saddened expression. How these spirits were working I could not tell, but I soon saw a circle of bright, magnetic emanations surrounding the medium, her expression changed and over her face came a calm sweet smile of rest and contentment. "She is safe," said our guide as he returned to us, "he cannot control her while that circle remains around her, it will be withdrawn only by our consent, through that influence we can convey impressions that will restrain her from going upon the water."

Thus ended our second visit to the circle, meeting at the house of Judge B——.

N. M. P.

Rev. Buell vs. Spiritualism.

A. B. WHITING'S ANSWER.

The Methodist church of Battle Creek the present year, are favored by the ministrations of a Mr. Buell in things spiritual. A few weeks since, he valiantly resolved to assail Spiritualism, which he did in the form of three lectures against it. Our friends heard of it in time to employ a phonographic reporter for the second and third lectures, with the intention of having them replied to, if deemed best. For this purpose they applied to A. B. Whiting, who responded favorably, and appointed Sunday, July 3d, as the time he would answer.

We availed ourself of the opportunity to be present, and had the privilege of hearing one of the best answers to the stereotyped charges brought by the clergy against Spiritualism, to which we have ever listened. We have only to regret that Mr. Whiting had little to respond to besides a rehash of the assertions of McDonald, Mahan, and others, so often answered, instead of argument. *Argument!* why, we have never heard one against Spiritualism, and would go any distance to hear one. The charges of its being the "work of the devil," "evil and corrupting in its tendency," etc., have been urged by an opposing church, against all the new religious dispensations, and reform movements in the world's history. Spiritualism and the Christian religion, too, have had their full share. Jesus was as often accused of doing the mighty works said to have been wrought by him through power derived from the devil as are our mediums of to-day. We shall publish Mr. Whiting's answer next week.

Since writing the above, we have received from the trustees of the Battle Creek society of Spiritualists, a letter addressed to the Rev J. I. Buell, inviting him to a public discussion. This affords Mr. B—— a favorable opportunity to convince the Spiritualists, as well as the public, of his ability to fulfill his promise made some weeks since in the following notice, which we clip from a Battle Creek paper:

"Rev. J. I. Buell will commence a course of Lectures in the M. E. Church, next Sabbath evening, on the Nature, Tendency and Fruits of Spiritism, showing that it had its origin in infidelity, and that its teachings are wholly pernicious."

This was the notice published to call attention to the lectures, which have been so well replied to by Mr. Whiting. Now will Mr. Buell accept this courteous invitation? We hope he may, but fear he will only attack the Spiritualists from behind his pulpit, where no opportunity is given to answer. We call attention to the letter found in another column.

Phenomenal.

We clip the following editorial remarks from the *Troy Daily Whig*. We have also received a letter from one of the citizens of Troy, highly commending Mr. Read as a medium for physical manifestations. We believe Mr. Read is on his way West, where the people will soon have an opportunity to test him. He has, as have all our mediums, been accused of deception. We hope our friends may kindly comply with all his conditions, but at the same time most thoroughly criticise his acts and performances. The very fact of requiring *darkness*, even for a moment, throws suspicion over the performance and invites criticism.

We believe firmly in physical manifestations, regard them as just as necessary to-day as ever, and yet our cause having been so often brought into disrepute by mountebanks, we have been led ofttimes to question whether *dark circle manifestations* have on the whole been a benefit. *Genuine* dark circle mediums however have our deepest sympathy, for they are compelled to pass through an ordeal that but few can appreciate:

"MR. CHARLES H. READ—WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS—A PARLOR SPIRITUAL SEANCE.—Accepting an invitation of Mr. Read to witness some spiritual manifestations at the house of one of our downtown merchants, we proceeded thither last evening in company with the reporters of the *Times* and *Press*. We found about thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled at the house. At the further end of the parlor stood a small table and two oak chairs. Upon the table rested a guitar, two steel rings, a tamborine, and a number of ropes. Shortly after eight o'clock Mr. Read entered and immediately appointed a committee, who were requested to tie him to a chair in as secure a manner as possible. In a short time he was secured and the light turned off. Instantly one of the rings was on his head, and a chair fastened by one of the rounds inside the rope that secured him. Next a tumbler half filled with water was placed on a chair beside him, and upon lighting the gas the tumbler was on his head, the water remaining undisturbed. Again the light was turned off, and the tumbler was found upside down, with no trace of water visible. The instruments made "music in the air;" the table was placed on his head; the rings were fastened on his arms and in the rope; and his coat was taken off, the knots and cords remaining exactly the same as they were tied.—A lady present was requested to sit opposite him and hold his hands. The light was turned down and the steel ring was found upon her arm. Many other wonderful things took place which lack of space only prevents us from reporting.

We shall say this of Mr. Read, however: We consider the manifestations that take place in his presence far ahead of the Davenport Brothers, the Fays, or any spiritual medium who has visited our city.—We know that we held Mr. Read firmly by the hair of the head, with both his hands clasped around our arms, and that in this position we distinctly felt *somebody's* hands on our face and shoulders, and knew that *somebody* placed a table, a guitar and tamborine in our arms. How these things were accomplished we are unable to explain. Every opportunity was given the people present to discover the *modus operandi* of Mr. Read. We are confident that he is assisted by no confederate."

Diversity of Labor.

Nature is constantly aiming at a division of labor, and distributes the capacities for its performance so equally among her children that no one shall have power to excel in more than one or two departments. In the construction of an edifice, many trades and professions are involved. So of an institution, a religion, a form of government, though one organizing mind may be necessary to give it shape and practical direction, many workmen with special qualifications are required on the details.

These remarks apply especially to Modern Spiritualism. It has arrived in the midst of other religions which contest its supremacy. It makes an ally of science. It is based upon both inductive and deductive data. It demands, among its qualified workers, scientists, philosophers, historians, prophets and critics. No one among our advocates can perform these several functions acceptably. If one is capable of becoming a medium for the ministration of angels to mortals, it is well; we should accept their gift with grateful heart. If another be especially qualified to present the scientific or the philosophical aspects of the subject, and takes the peculiar mediumistic gifts of the other, we would not scorn their labor; they, too, may discharge a necessary function.

We too frequently display a tendency to "hobby riding." The particular phase of Spiritualism in which we are most interested, we are apt to parade into prominence, and belittle the work and the workers in other departments. If we have a particular regard for *phenomena*, then all Spiritualists must work with and for us, if they would gain our respect and toleration. If we have ascended to the *hights*, and no longer feel the need for objective proofs, we are inclined to kick away the ladder upon which we have ascended, and deny to others the privilege of ascending as we have done. Spiritualism is yet a child. Its facts, philosophy, and religion need indefinite extension. Let us welcome all workers to this new field of inquiry, and accept all contributions, and if we cannot personally appropriate the offerings, perhaps some others can.

W.

Gone Home.

Passed to spirit life, on Monday, June 27th, from Niles, Michigan, Ira Lambert, aged thirty years. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of the people of Niles, who listened attentively while we spoke upon the subject of death and the after life, founding our remarks upon these words taken from the Christian scriptures: "There is a natural body, and there *is* a spiritual body;" and also these words from the same source: "How can it be quickened, unless it die?"

Thus another emancipated spirit has passed through the flower-encircled door of death and ascended the starry pathway leading to the spheres. Mr. Lambert retained his consciousness to the last moment of earth life, then calmly bidding farewell to his friends, saying: "I do not fear death; already I hear the sounds of footsteps." Addressing his mother, he asked: "Do you not hear them." The mother, not so near, could not hear the jewelled sandals as they touched the golden strand that borders the musical river of death. His lips continued to move after he became too weak to speak audibly, and a peaceful smile lingered upon his face. There is no doubt he was conversing with those who had come to accompany him to his new home. He was a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism. Never was the beauty of our religion more fully appreciated than when, at the close of the discourse, the walls of the room seemed to recede from view and far in the distance appeared a range of purple mountains, and beyond them, basking in the golden glory of the higher spheres, was a beautiful bower, formed of clinging vines and opening roses; within a cot of softest mosses, upon which rested, as if in refreshing sleep the new-born spirit. An aged man bent over him, his snowy locks and wavy beard touching the calm, sweet face of the sleeper. On the other side of the cot stood a brother whose face was radiant with joy. An aunt, and another spirit, who was recognized, stood near. In view of these consoling facts,

The friends consigned, in perfect trust,
The casket, to its native dust. N. M. P.

New Organizations.

Several persons have recently written us making inquiries as to the steps necessary for them to take to organize. The last mail brought us a letter from T. H. Goodman, Lapeer, saying, "there are in this vicinity *thirty-three* Spiritualists, of whom four are mediums. We are not organized, but would like to be; can you give us any instruction?" In reply to this and others, we advise all who desire thus to organize to send to this office for a small pamphlet (price ten cents) prepared by the board of trustees of our State association, giving full particulars, with all the forms necessary to perfect a legal organization. Many societies buy enough to furnish each member with a copy as it contains a copy of the constitution for local societies and County Circles.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who have not paid for the new volume, others who are in arrears for the past year, and those whose time will soon expire, will find an x on the margin of their papers this week. We ask all such to promptly remit us the necessary amount, and at the same time send us as many new subscribers as possible. We need all that is due us. Please remember the scarcity of money effects publishers more than any other class of the community.

In view of the efforts we are making to obtain reports of lectures and other matter of interest that shall be fresh and interesting to our readers, we ask all who favor our work to aid us by obtaining as many new subscribers as possible. We will try to merit your patronage.

Abstract of a Lecture delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, in Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, Sunday Evening, July 3d, 1870.

"The Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century."

On this occasion, Mrs. Hardinge spoke substantially as follows:

The way of life is through martyrdom; the goal is for us to discover by such evidence as comes to our understanding, and by the experiences of each day and hour. In ancient times (and in modern times also, with those who think only in one groove) it was taught that man was created for happiness, and was pure and holy at the beginning, but that, according to the ancient legend, the great purposes of the All-wise Creator in this respect were thwarted. Man steeped himself in sin and iniquity, thereby incurring evils from which there is no escape, except by a certain mysterious and incomprehensible vicarious atonement, from which every enlightened, progressive mind must revolt.

We are taught that man is by nature totally depraved; that sorrow and suffering are his heritage, till they become a merit; that we (that is mankind) are the great failure of creation. And while we are assembled here this night, thousands who are gathered in costly and fashionable temples of worship, so-called, will mock their Creator by declaring that they are miserable, depraved, and wretched sinners, with no good thing within them incapable of performing any worthy deed, and deserving nothing but God's deepest wrath beforever.

The time has arrived, my friends, for inquiring by what right these fictions are uttered and promulgated to the world. Especially when we remember that Spiritualism reveals so much. For by its light, and with the aid of our reasoning faculties, we can decide these questions without asking priests and theologians.

What is martyrdom? I answer, it is *unjust suffering*. Reversing the popular theological dogma, which assumes that we suffer only because we sin, we say that in numberless instances, we suffer in consequence of the wrong doing of others. Yet, it is eqnally true that for every sin we commit ourselves, we must suffer the appropriate penalty. No one else can pay the debt for us. That is simply impossible. If we could unlock the secret spring of almost any human heart, we could find there the skeleton of some dead hope, telling of martyrdom which the world knew not of. How many struggling souls whose names never find a place on the scroll of fame, suffer absolute martyrdom, because they are loyal to the truth, and faithful to their every duty. How many feel the weight of some terrible grief-burden, bearing them down hopelessly to the earth, while those less true and less deserving of happiness are robed in unmerited pleasures. Life itself is martyrdom,—true life, I mean. Yes with all its grand achievements, with all its fleeting pleasures, with all its spasmodic periods of joy, it is martyrdom. Why is this? Not, surely, because man, from the beginning, was totally depraved. We can find no solution of the problem in any such irrational dogma. We are told that Adam was happy so long as he was ignorant, but that knowledge destroyed his peace and blighted all his descendants. When he learned the difference between good and evil, aspiration commenced, and from that hour Adam ceased to be happy. I suppose no one will doubt that the ignorant and untutored barbarian is happy, in his own peculiar sphere of life. But his is simply the bliss of ignorance. All men worthy of the blessings attainable at the present day prefer the "folly of wisdom." With civilization comes the desire for comfortable and elegant houses, for temples of worship, for schools and colleges, for rational amusements, and for a thousand means of enjoyment to which the ignorant savage is a stranger. And to acquire these, labor is necessary, and it is put forth. The very tools which nature has given us are hints towards development. And these conditions of civilization are called "artificial conditions." Are they indeed artificial? Not in the true sense of that term. Nothing is artificial which is the legitimate out-growth of man's necessities. Could we afford to sacrifice all these things for the vegetable garden?

Could we if such a thing were possible, afford to become divested of the necessity of knowledge and wisdom? Every attribute of the soul gives an emphatic negative. Let us, we all say, learn the truth, or so much of it as we are capable of comprehending; let us have all the knowledge and wisdom within our reach, and take our chances with the consequences. Better learn and suffer, than shut our eyes and minds against the avenues of knowledge for the sake of a little happiness such as belongs to merely animal existence. God's goodness and love are in all these things which we suffer, as well as in what we enjoy.

It is worthy of note that all, or nearly all, the great and good things produced for the use of the people have come from the ranks of the laboring classes; from the poor and self-dependent. As illustrations of this idea witness Shakspeare in literature, Michael Angelo and Raphael in art, and Handel and Beethoven in music. And these are only a few among scores of such examples, that might be instanced. Many of the finest productions given to the world were written under the stress of poverty and even in the bitterness of hunger.

But there are other forms of martyrdom to which I must briefly allude, the martyrdom of everyday life. There are thousands of mothers, wives, daughters, and companions, who are real martyrs in the discharge of onerous duties pertaining to their respective spheres, but for whom the world has no word of praise. Patiently and faithfully they toil on, and suffer on, trusting to the great law of compensation for the ultimate adjustment of these seeming inequalities and partialities which now militate against them,

I tell you there are thousands of noble-hearted martyrs, whose life work is not recognized, and whose deeds of heroism are as yet unsung; but who will ultimately be found among the hosts of the world's truest benefactors.

From the lowest to the highest, no wrong is done to one of God's creatures that is not done to all of them. The breaking of the feeblest link in the great chain of humanity weakens the whole. When at night we retire to rest, though we draw our curtains around us never so closely, we somehow feel that sympathetic interest in others which is so characteristic of our nature. We know that wrong is being done to others, and our hearts feel sad. And thus by the doings, and writings and sayings of whole-hearted philanthropists and reformers, the great heart of humanity is stirred to its utmost depths.

But what of those martyrs whom we have briefly mentioned? What for those who toil and struggle and suffer through the long years, and receive no adequate compensation for it? What for the unbefriended outcast, of whom Hood once said:

"Oh! it was pitiful,
In a whole city full,
Home she had none!"

The world is watered more by human tears than by divine dews. Our souls cry out, asking God why all this misery? Why all these children with precocious stamps of crime upon their faces? It is all permitted in mercy and kindness. Our adversities are often our best instructors. Do we perform our duty best when we are most prosperous? By no means. It is usually the reverse. Until we do our part, fully and faithfully we cannot comprehend the word *achievement*. Not that I excuse those who wantonly place burdens upon the backs of others. The Master once said: "For it must needs be that offences come, but woe be to those by whom they come." But this is God's method of educating and refining his children. The pure gold can only be found by a process of purification which separates it from the dross. When you stand on the hill-tops of time and look back over the discipline through which you have passed, you may think you would part with it. But *would* you if you could? It has made you what you are, and you could not afford to do without it. Mark me, however, I don't bid you say you are "miserable sinners," and all that kind of thing, as is parroted forth beneath the tall steeples of the land.

Undeserved sorrow brings the victor's crown. We almost worship martyrs. We revere and adore the name of Jesus because he was a martyr. He truly said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This is, in one sense, the history of every martyr. Every one who falls while marching up to Calvary is a preacher, telling the world to *move on*. Criminals become martyrs when they die, as did Stephen of old. Then we forget their failings, and think only of their virtues. There is something in the human heart that rebels against injustice, whether by man or God. I say by the Almighty, not because I believe that he can do any injustice, but I mean that acts of palpable injustice are attributed to him by the popular theology. Martyrdom has been exhibited in every form; its effect upon human character is to make great men and great women, while it excites the love and sympathy of all the noble.

We come now to inquire, what effect has martyrdom upon the spirit hereafter? According to the revelations made through Spiritualism during the past twenty-two years, the effect is to qualify the spirit for the progressive employments and enjoyments of the higher life. In Santiago, a few years ago, two thousand innocent and helpless girls perished in the flames of a burning building. Later, a ship at sea was consumed by fire, and all on board went down to come up no more in the visible form. What of the effect upon those souls? An eastern legend runs thus:

A bride who had been united to her husband but a few brief months, suddenly died. In the spirit world she passed into the presence of guides, who informed her that having never experienced anything on earth but prosperity and happiness, having known no sorrows nor trials in the earth-life, she would be doomed to suffer in the spirit world for a thousand years, till she could learn to feel for others' woes, and to sympathize with those less fortunate than she had been. Upon hearing this she begged permission to return to earth and warn her husband, that he might devote *his* life below to deeds of charity and love. Her request was complied with, and she was accordingly conducted back to earth. After searching in vain for her husband, she finally found him in a church. But, alas! he stood at the marriage altar, and was in the act of placing the ring which she had worn, upon the finger of another bride. Then, in the agony of disappointment and grief, she turned away, declaring that she was ready to return to purgatorial existence, that nothing in the spirit world could produce suffering equal to what she was enduring in consequence of what she had just seen. But the guiding spirits then told her that in that one hour she had suffered all that would be required of her. She could now return to the spirit land and dwell among the bright, pure ones who had been the martyrs of earth; for the suffering of a thousand years had been lived through in the brief time she had spent on her return to the scenes of her earth-life.

We live in moments and in heart-throbs, not in figures on the dial. We crowd years into moments. Even the deeds and words of Jesus were as naught till they had been sealed by martyrdom, such martyrdom as forced him to exclaim: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" Into brief moments of suffering are crowded years of development and of progress towards purity. The faithful soldier dying on the battle-field, sees a panorama of his life's deeds and their effects together. He lives a thousand years in the transfiguration of death.

When to-morrow you rejoice over your national independence, remember that the Declaration would have been worthless had it not been made law by martyrdom. Slavery, which so long blighted and disgraced the nation, exists no longer, because two million martyrs—the "boys in blue"—stood between the government and danger. They, too, have suffered their thousand years, and most of them leaped to heaven from gory beds. We cannot excuse those who compel others to become martyrs. We do not believe that Judas became a saint by betraying Christ, because it was necessary to the world's welfare that Christ should die. But for true martyrdom, we should ever feel the most profound admiration, wherever and whenever exhibited.

California Correspondence.

COL. FOX:—When I last wrote you I expected by this time to be sitting in your parlor, telling you and yours about my trips to the famed Geyser Springs, to the Mammoth Trees, and to the Yo Semite Valley; but here I am, still looking toward the sunrise, believing I shall soon be two thousand miles nearer it than I am to-day. The "fate sticks" tell me I shall attend the National Convention at Richmond, Ind., in September. In them I have full faith; so make room at your board.

DRESS.

Rev. Mr. Milburn, a blind preacher, has been speaking in California. The title of one of his lectures was: "What a blind man saw in Paris." In speaking of dress, he said:

"San Francisco ladies can step from Montgomery or Kearney street on to a Paris boulevard. They don't carry all the colors of the rainbow and the dry goods in a shop to be fashionable."

Could the blind man see as well as I see he would have said: San Francisco ladies are famous for wearing "all the colors of the rainbow." I have been in all the large American cities, and, woman-like, have been an observer of dress, and I have been in no place where all classes of women dressed so *much* as they do here. The women are especially noted for the splendor of their jewels. But, they have the good taste to avoid Sunday exhibitions. Very few ladies make a display of dry goods and jewelry in the churches. Expensive furs are worn here in all the seasons.

WEATHER.

There is, on this sea coast, no real hot weather. The mornings and evenings are always cool, consequently ladies' furs have frequent airings. The weather is too cool, *on the coast*, for muslins. The telegrams bring frightful stories regarding the heat in eastern towns—"men and beasts melting!" The valleys, back from the sea and bays, are very warm, but there has been no heat like the hot days in New York and Chicago. With a great stretch of sea coast, Californians get a good cooling breeze.

RAIN.

This has been a dry season. I think that about every seventh year is a dry year. We had a shower or two in May; since then no rain has fallen, save on the mountains, and we look for none till November.

CROPS.

Much of the wheat will not be harvested. Lack of rain has killed it. A writer, who speaks as "one having authority," says:

"The average yield in favorable seasons is thirty bushels per acre. In many instances, 60 and 70 bushels have been grown to the acre, and, in several cases, 80 bushels. The berry is large, plump, hard, dry, white, and strong with gluten."

The drought has not destroyed the fruit. All kinds of small fruits are very abundant in market. We have green corn, fine potatoes, green apples, cucumbers, tomatoes.

THE MULBERRY TREES.

The dry and mild climate is well adapted to the growth of the mulberry and to the silk-worm culture. The cocoons are free from disease and are mueh larger than in Europe. This fact has made a large demand for the California eggs. France, Italy and Belgium are sending large orders for California silk worms.

I am glad to say that women are going into the business of growing trees and raising silk worms. Two Chicago women have united their forces in this branch of industry. By-and-by we may see orders from Europe for Mrs. Marth's and Mrs. Denison's cocoons. We may do many noble and useful things without the ballot—yet the ballot we fully *intend* to have.

STRANGE.

California is the garden of the world; it has the finest climate, the healthiest fruits, the richest mines; it has a great wealth of waters, and of territory 188,981 square miles; 6,765,404 acres have been granted for educational purposes; 500,000 for internal improvements, 116,382 for railroads, and 6,400 for public buildings. It is strange that people will delve among the rocks of New England for a bare subsistence, when this fair sunset land has so many inducements to offer the emigrant. It is strange that in this great State there are but 600,000 white inhabitants. There are more people on Manhattan Island than are in this whole State. Of Chinamen, Indians and negroes there are about 70,000. China tills the soil, washes, cooks, does everything he can find to do.

DO NOT COME.

After all my great love of this land of the fruit and the vine, I would not advise any one to come here for a home till after the winter rains. If one has the means of living, that is quite another thing; but one should not depend upon grain till it grows.

H. F. M. BROWN,
P. O. Box 452, San Francisco, Cal.

For the Present Age.

Grains of Truth dropped by the Angels for Humanity.

BY MRS. M. A. JEWETT. MEDIUM.

When thou standest on the bridge of sighs let thy soul be attuned to the song of the angels. It will bring peace and repose, though thine eyes have gazed into the depths of despair.

While love reigns in the heart, let wisdom encircle the brow.

Wise heads and brave hearts will be needed in the coming era, for error will be clothed in her most witching garb.

Angel hands are busy untying the meshes that have ensnared unwary feet.

If ye worship at the shrine of truth, let thy daily acts reflect its luster.

Defeated hopes, touched by the wand of wisdom, turn to priceless gems in heaven.

Let no coarse expressions stain thy lips, for their echo will bar the angels of peace and progress from thee.

To all souls life has its crosses; bear them nobly if ye would win a crown.

Let sympathy be the sesame to open the door of selfishness that ye may give to the poor mendicant passing by.

Inspiration is to the soul what the dew is to the flower.

Perfect rest cometh from an unselfish heart: the highest acme of happiness is to aid thy brother.

THE GOLDEN KEY:

—OR—

MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL.

BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENCHANTED PARK.

Dr. Bradwell, was anxious to recall Mrs. Loomis and demand an explanation of the scene. But Mrs. Bradwell was so much excited that the Dr. thought it better to defer the explanation until morning. Early the next morning he received a professional call, demanding his immediate attention, from which he did not return till late in the afternoon. Upon entering the cool, shaded parlor, the first object that met his sight, was Clara Gordon, sleeping upon one of the sofas. How beautiful she appeared, her long ringlets resting upon her crimson cheeks, her full scarlet lips parted, disclosing the pearly teeth, a sweet smile lingering upon her face as though her soul was basking in the sunlight of pleasant dreams. The Dr. thought he had never before seen such a beautiful picture. As he stood gazing upon her, her lips parted, and in a low, trembling voice she said:

"I am alone, alone in this cold world!" Then a silence followed, broken only by her irregular breathing, and then came the words: "O God! will he never love me?"

The Dr. now felt that he was hearing what was not designed for his ears, and turned to leave the room. At this moment, Clara opened her beautiful eyes and fixed them upon him with a look of surprise saying:

"Why, Dr. Bradwell! I was not aware that you had returned; how long have you been here?"

"Only a few moments; I was not aware of your presence when I entered the room. The picture I found here, was so beautiful, that I could not refrain from looking at it. I am sorry that I disturbed you."

"I am glad that you have returned; Mrs. Spaulding and your wife are visiting, Daisy is with her governess, and I am quite alone."

The Dr. seated himself at her side and soon became so absorbed in her conversation, as to forget the flight of time. An hour after his return little Daisy entered the parlor with a beautiful rose, which she intended to present to her father, having heard his voice while walking upon the lawn, but perceiving Clara, she stopped in the center of the room, her features contracted, her eyes fixed; while in slow and measured tones, these words fell from her lips:

"Papa, I see a beautiful park with bright flowers, dancing fountains, silver lakes, and tall waving trees, casting their cool shadows far out on every side. But, papa, there is a gilded serpent among the flowers; it is crawling over the tinted shells and hiding among the soft mosses. It is green and purple and gold, very bright; but under the bright tints it is black as midnight. It is trying to entwine itself around you. Papa! don't look at the serpent in the grass. The trees are filled with birds of gay plumage, whose sweet songs invite you to seek shelter under their drooping branches. Beware! if once you are found beneath their shelter, those shadows will be transformed to prison walls, that will grow stronger and higher day by day. The song birds will change to hissing serpents and poisonous reptiles, the water of the dancing fountains will be bitter to your taste. One step into this enchanted park, and escape from the influences that will be thrown around you, will be impossible. Papa, I have given to you what has been given to me. I am Lillie Bradwell; I died in ——."

"O God!" cried the Dr., springing to his feet.

This exclamation wrought a complete change in Daisy. She was once more the sweet, affectionate, healthy child; she seemed, however, uneasy in the presence of Clara, and, handing the rose to her father, left the room without saying a word, seeming to be unconscious of what had transpired. As she reached the door, she called out:

"O papa! come and see Mrs. Loomis!" and sure enough there lay the governess upon the hall floor.

"She has had a fit," said the Dr. as he raised her slight form in his arms, and carried her to an adjoining room, but before restoratives could be administered, she recovered her consciousness, thanked them for their kindness, but declared that she needed no assistance. It was only a dizziness of the head; she was now fully restored.

Clara was almost paralyzed with fear at the words Daisy had spoken. She understood their meaning, but how did the child know? why did the child call herself Lillie? and why say she had died? The more Clara thought of this, the more inexplicable it became. At last, solitude became unbearable and she sought her friends. She found Mrs. Bradwell relating to Mrs. Spaulding, the events of the last evening.

"Now, what would you advise me to do, Mrs. Spaulding; I do not like to dismiss Mrs. Loomis, but I fear her influence upon the child is not good. Daisy never before had these fancies, and although she is perfectly well now, I fear the effect will be to undermine her health, and destroy her soundness of mind. The child seems much attached to Mrs. Loomis, and this is the only reason I have for wishing to separate them."

"Have you conversed with the governess about the strange appearance last evening?"

"No, to tell you the truth, I questioned her once in regard to her past life, and I care not to do so again. I believe her to be a good woman, but am convinced some terrible sorrow is preying upon her mind. The Dr. has promised to question her, but I fear he will get no satisfaction."

"I have felt from the first," said Mrs. Spaulding, "that she was not the proper person to have the charge of Daisy."

"Is she subject to fits?" asked Clara.

"Not that I am aware; why do you ask?"

"Because the Dr. has just found her lying in the front hall, and said it was caused by a fit."

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Bradwell, "then I must go to her at once."

"She is all over with it now; I heard her say not five minutes ago, that she was well."

"I must go and ascertain her condition," said Mrs. Bradwell, and leaving the room, she went directly to the library, where she found her husband walking the floor, his arms folded across his breast and an expression of woe upon his face.

"What is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Bradwell, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "are you ill?"

He was silent for some moments, seeming to be considering the propriety of revealing his thoughts to her. At last seating himself in a large arm chair, and drawing his wife closer to him, taking her hands into his and looking into her face, he said: "Did I ever tell you the name of my first wife, or did you ever hear it from any source? Did I ever tell you who named our little girl and what name was first given to her?"

"You have not; why do you ask such questions?"

"Because to-day, Daisy has spoken the name that was first given to her. She seemed to be transfigured, and during that time she declared that her name was Lillie Bradwell, that she died in ——. Before she had finished, I became so excited that I disturbed her and she immediately appeared to be in her normal condition. Now what *is* the meaning of this? either our little Daisy is losing her reason, or she is controlled by some supernatural power. I have never mentioned the name first given to Daisy, to any living mortal, and in her normal condition she has never alluded to it, I must therefore conclude that at times she must be under the influence of some spirit or demon. It cannot be the child's mother, for she would not come to me if she could, and if she did, she would not claim to be my child. I have never had anything occur to trouble me like this. It may be that Mrs. Loomis has something to do with these strange spells of Daisy's, if so, she must leave the house at once. I will talk with her this evening. I will not detain you from your visitors. Be not uneasy, little wife; all will yet be well." And with a forced smile, the Dr. opened the door for her to depart.

CHAPTER X.

THE PHANTOM.

"She is only a bath girl; don't let us remain here staring at her."

"But I tell you, Clara, there is something remarkable in that face. I would give much to know who she is."

"Well, Mrs. Spaulding, you have more curiosity than I gave you credit for, but if your stay of two days in this place has made you as lonesome and homesick as I am, I cannot blame you for interesting yourself in anything that promises to afford you the slightest amusement. For my part I have no faith in water-cures, and no interest in the class of persons we meet here." Saying this, Clara Gordon passed down the broad staircase and out upon the pleasant lawn for her morning walk. "Too bad!" she muttered to herself, "to have to leave the city just at this time. I don't see why Mrs. Spaulding should come here, nor why she should have insisted upon my accompanying her. 'Cool and pleasant retreat, away from the dust and glare of the city, time for rest and thought,' says Mrs. Spaulding. That is just what *I* do not want. All was going so well; I know that I have made an impression upon the Dr's. mind, but whether deep enough to outlive my absence, is another question. Four weeks in this horrid place! I will not stand it; I will make some excuse to get back to the city, as sure as my name is Clara Gordon, and I will carry out my plans, let the result be what it may. The first step is to become a member of the Dr's. family; then my way is clear. I can manage Mrs. Bradwell as easily as I could a child. I *will* have what I have set my heart upon." "*It will be the price of blood!*" said a clear voice over her head. Clara gave one wild look around her, then turned for the house as fast as her flying feet could carry her. She found Mrs. Spaulding conversing in the hall with a gentleman, whom, to her surprise she found to be Mr. Forest, who had just arrived. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Forest. I was getting so lonesome, that I had begun to think seriously of returning, but I hope you are not to be numbered among the invalids to be found here."

"No, I came simply as a boarder; hearing that Mrs. Spaulding and her fair young friend were to spend some weeks here, I could not resist the temptation to follow." At this moment the Dr. made his appearance, was introduced to Mr. Forest, and all entered the reception room. After a few moments' conversation, Clara left the room. Forest also left to speak to an acquaintance whom he had just observed upon the lawn, the Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding being thus left alone.

"Dr." said Mrs. S., "I have become deeply interested in Maggie Wild. Can you give me her past history?"

"I cannot," replied the Dr., "but I am glad that you have become interested in her, and that I can speak to you freely of this strange being. She came here for the purpose of preparing herself for a thorough medical education, but, unfortunately for her, my wife has taken a great dislike to her. She is retiring and unsocial, living almost entirely within herself; for this reason she does not make as many friends as some far less worthy. I had a strange experience with her last week which I would like to relate to you.

Mrs. L., the lady occupying the large room at the right of the first flight of stairs, was brought here last week; she has been confined to her bed the last two years. The most eminent physicians have been employed in her case and pronounce it hopeless. Her husband brought her here without consulting me, and when I found how complicated was the disease and the length of time it had been standing, I refused to undertake to do anything for her. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and may as well acknowledge that I did not understand the disease. While subsequently conversing with her husband, and telling him of my inability to relieve his companion, Maggie Wild entered the room heard my last remark, and heard or saw the deep sorrow of Mr. L., heard him plead that his wife might be permitted to remain a few days and try the treatment. Maggie looked at him intently, as though reading the very thoughts of his soul. Slowly every vestige of color left her face, her white lids closed over the bright eyes, one hand was raised and extended toward the room occupied by the lady to whom we refer. While in this position, she gave an accurate description of the lady whom she had never seen. Then commenced a description of the diseased organs, giving color, shape, position and names correctly, relating how each organ was affected, and giving the proper remedies to restore them to a healthy condition, and the manner in which these remedies were to be used. This diagnosis was as correctly given as it would have been by the best M. D., had the body been upon the dissecting table. While Maggie was talking, clear and distinct raps were heard upon the floor where she was standing. After she had ceased, her arm assumed its natural position; she drew a long breath and opened her eyes as from a deep sleep. "It is true! every word is true! my wife will be restored to health; I have felt that she would." Mrs. Spaulding, I cannot describe the joy of the husband, and my own astonishment at what we had witnessed. Maggie seemed to be aware that something unusual had taken place, begging to be excused she hastened from the room before we had an opportunity to question her."

"But you have talked with her about this since that time?" said Mrs. Spaulding.

"I have attempted to, but she shrinks from any allusion to it, and when in my anxiety to obtain some knowledge of this wonderful power, I commanded her to answer my questions, she quietly but very firmly refused, saying if I desired her to leave the Cure, she would do so. Of course, I insisted upon her remaining, hoping the future would unravel this mystery."

"Did you try the remedies prescribed?"

"Most certainly I did," and the result has exceeded our most sanguine expectations."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. S. "I must try to become better acquainted with Maggie Wild."

"I wish you would," ejaculated the Dr. "The housekeeper has been telling my wife some very foolish stories about Maggie. She says, a few nights since, she saw Maggie go to her room without a light, and some half an hour after, as the housekeeper had occasion to pass the door which stood slightly ajar, she saw the room brilliantly illuminated, when to her horror she found, that with no material light in the room, there was such a brightness that she could see every article of furniture; could see Maggie sleeping upon the bed, while by her side stood a tall form, with long shining garments. The housekeeper was paralyzed with fear. This story has been circulated among the servants, and all begin to fear Maggie as one in league with Satan. I am sorry to say that my wife shares in these fears."

"What is your explanation?" asked Mrs. Spaulding.

"I have no explanation; but I shall never rest until I have it explained to my satisfaction! will you help me in this?"

"I shall be delighted to do all that I can to unravel this seeming mystery."

(To be Continued.)

For the Present Age.

STURGIS, Mich., June 27, 1870.

A few thoughts suggested by the Anniversary meeting, held at Sturgis, June 18th, 19th, 20th.

Life is at best, but a series of meetings and of partings. Thus thought I, as I sat awaiting the warm handclasp, and the loving smiles of those who, for eleven years, as June came bringing to us her wealth of roses, had met together to worship at the shrine of truth;

Year by year, had we been encouraged and cheered by their presence and companionship while here, and felt a loneliness by their absence when the church door was closed, and their footsteps echoed there no longer.

But as some names of the dear ones fell from my lips, silence was the only greeting, for as the days have gone by, hands have fallen from our grasping, and their voices strengthen us no longer. Some of the pioneers who here first battled with the opposition of narrow bigotry, breaking anew the ground, that the seed which should be planted might bring forth better grain, have laid aside their armor, and robed in immortality, now dwell in those realms, where death may not enter. Yet while listening to words of wisdom and inspiration, as each heart seemed raised, that it might drink in from that inexhaustible fount, as a Spiritualist I knew, that they whose very life had been given to the cause of truth, must yet be with us, working still for the advancement and redemption of humanity. One more anniversary is now ended, living with us but in memory, and it seems that not a single soul who came here longing for the better part, and asking for the bread, which might strengthen the fainting spirit, could have left weak and unsatisfied, and at parting, many of us brimming over with enthusiasm, given by the utterance of noble truths, felt our souls full of noble daring, longing to grapple with great wrongs, and tear down the strongholds of error, but as we have stepped back, one by one, into our homes taking up anew its cares and responsibilities, we have found that it was not the work for us to do. No voting at present for the elevation of woman; no fighting that slavery and despotism be done away with; no aid to the Indian of the far West, but the little round of duties, again meet us, whose monotony causes our footsteps often to lag and our spirits to faint. Some of us have gone back where discord reigns, and where love does not lighten the load; some to homes of want, others to peace and plenty, but unpoetical as it seems, here in the everyday labor of life, in the family circle, is the greatest work to be accomplished; here is to be laid the foundation of the great church of the future—here have we each one of us, weak or strong, by our daily walks, to tell whether it be built in justice, truth and harmony, for if lacking in these eternal principles, the destroying hand of time will undermine and bear it away.

This work is not to be done, by the folding of hands at rest, nor by the doubling of them to combat with those who may differ with us, but by daily lives of justice to ourselves and others, by small acts of kindness to those about us, by honesty and fair dealing; not by yielding to those who would deprive us of our religious rights and privileges, but with that kindness and consideration to those who wrong and differ with us, that sooner or later they must acknowledge, that angels give us strength to do our work, by plain outspoken words, against vice and error, by battling with pride, love of wealth, or the tyranny of fashion, if they lead us from the path of right; until the victor's wreath be placed upon our brows; thus laboring to elevate ourselves, and those who may come within our influence, until ours shall be the power, given by God and angels that shall remove sin and suffering from our land, blessing us alike with peace and prosperity. EMMA CHURCH.

Children's Department.

ANNIE D. CRIDGE, : : Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No 16 Philadelphia Row, 11th, St. East, Washington, D. C.

In the baby constitution we recognize the holy plans of Divine Goodness—the immortal impartations of Divine Wisdom—the image and likeness of the Supreme Spirit—the possibilities of the greatest manhood, womanhood, or angelhood.

Golden Hair.

Golden Hair climbed upon grandpapa's knee;
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell, so much things I have done;
Played with my dolly, and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope;
And I made, out of some water and soap,
Bufitle worlds! Mamma's 'Castles of Hope.'

"And I have readed in my picture-book;
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth 'stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home, and I eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee----
I'm jes as *tired* as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast.
Dear little Golden Hair! — set be thy rest.

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe, to the Infinite view,
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play!

And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest,
As to sink, like an innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

F. BURGE SMITH.

WILLIE AND JESSIE.

CHAPTER XX. (CONTINUED.)

"Just think, father," said Bessie, "that little bees can build such places for their honey; every side of these little cells are exactly the same size." Then the farmer's wife gave her a tumbler of milk with some cream in it; Rob had some too. Then the lady took them into the garden and showed them their bee-hives; and there were the bees very busy, buzzing, buzzing around their hives. Rob and Bessie thought, and they thought truly, that no city was ever so beautiful as the country.

When they left the farm house and were on their way again, Rob said: "Oh dear! I wish we did live in the country; just think of having milk to drink with new rich cream in it; honey too; then think, Bessie, of the fields of flowers and the trees; I am going to be a farmer."

"So will I," said Bessie.

"You—you a farmer!" said Rob; "girls cannot be farmers."

"I don't care," said Bessie; "I am going to be a farmer some day, you will see."

"Well," said Rob, "I don't see why girls can't be farmers just as well as boys. You and I can have a farm together, Bessie. I will plow; you can plant the seed and gather all the apples off the trees, and the pears and the cherries; that is just the thing, Bessie; we will be partners, like men in stores, or any other business."

"What is all that talk about?" said their father as he climbed into the donkey wagon and took his seat. "So you are going to be farmers, are you? very well; that is not a bad idea; girls could have fruit farms very well, and they would make money I am sure."

Night came before they reached Coundon, the place where they were going to remain while their father sold goods. Night came, dark night; and still they were jogging along in the donkey wagon.

Rob and Bessie were going to see many things they had never before seen. Coundon was in the midst of the coal country; they were going to see coal mines,—deep pits where hundreds of men worked every day digging out coal. Some of these coal pits were hundreds of feet under ground, and these men worked by the light of small lamps which they carried on their hats. The coal was sent up from the pits in large, round baskets, and sifted through a very large wire sifter. The dust of this coal, in some places, lay in such quantities that large hills were formed of it, which were all the time burning. On a dark night, this large, burning hill looked very strangely.

As our friends rode along in the dark, their father told them many things about these pits; but he said nothing about the burning hills of dust coal; he wanted to astonish Rob and Bessie and hear what they would say about them.

By-and-by, they came in sight. "Look, look, father!" said Bessie,—she was the first to spy them—"burning mountains! burning mountains!"

"A volcano," said Rob. "Why, father, you never told us there were volcanoes here! What makes you laugh, father?"

"Oh! wonderful," exclaimed Bessie; "what is it, father?"

"These mountains, as you call them, are formed of the dust of the coal from the coal pits."

"Oh! oh!" said Rob; "there are some more burning mountains over there."

"Why, they are dangerous, are they always burning like that?"

"Always, Rob, only by daylight you could not see the fire; in daylight these hills look black."

As they rode along, more and more came in sight, so that, look which ever way they would,—east, west, north or south,—there were those burning mountains of coal.

"We will, by-and-by, pass quite near to those in front of us, and then on a level with these burning mountains of coal, you will see a narrow plank from the coal pit; and you may see men walking along this narrow plank with wheel-barrows of coal dust which they empty by turning them over when they come to the end of the plank."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Rob; "and has all that coal-dust been put there by men with wheel-barrows?"

"Yes, my boy; men have been doing that night and day for years, many years, and are still at work Sometimes the poor cows wander to these places and burn their feet and udders; the last time I was here I heard of a poor cow that had died because she was so badly burned."

"There, there!" said Rob; "look, Bessie; do you see a man moving along? see, see! he is up high, and he looks as if he was walking on nothing."

"I cannot see," replied Bessie.

"Cannot see," exclaimed Rob; "why look up high,—as high as the top of the burning mountains; look next to the coal pit."

"I see, I see!" exclaimed Bessie; "dear! he does not seem to walk on anything. There! he has reached the red, burning hills. Now I see his wheel-borrow; he has thrown the coal-dust over."

"I will tell you what it looks like, father," said Rob. "Perhaps this is something like the bad place,—hell, you know father."

"I don't know about that, my boy."

"That man there looks like a devil, and he is busy making a bigger fire to roast people in. Do you believe there is a hell, father?"

Rob's father was what the people called an infidel; he did go to church sometimes, but only to please the mother of Rob and Bessie; he did not believe in churches or what the preacher talked in the churches; so when Rob asked this question he replied:

"Your mother believes there is a place called *hell*."

"But do you, father?" asked Rob.

"Do you?" asked Bessie. Then he smiled; and they could see his face by the glare of the fire from the burning hills.

"I think," he replied, "that if there is a God and he is as good and kind as we are told, he would not make such a place as hell to put people into. Were you, my Bessie, and you, my Rob, ever so wicked and bad, it would not be right for me to burn you, and it is not right for God to *do wrong*."

Rob and Bessie had never heard their father talk about hell before; but they were glad he did not believe in a hell.

As they rode along in the donkey wagon, all at once when they were making a turn in the road, their father said: "There are Gipsies camping near here, I think."

"Why do you think so?" asked Bessie; "oh, I am afraid."

"No fear, Bessie," her father replied.

"But they steal children sometimes," replied Rob.

Just then they came all at once in sight of the Gipsy camp. There were the Gipsies just a little way from the burning coal mountains, the women in their red cloaks, and the little children boys and girls, with their black hair and eyes, looked ragged and jolly. One of the large tall Gipsy men came up to the donkey wagon and shook hands with their father; but oh! how frightened Bess and Rob were.

"You find these coal mountains very useful?" their father said to the Gipsy.

"Yes, we do; we are eating potatoes that we have roasted in the burning coal," the Gipsy replied. Then one of the women came to the wagon and shook hands with their father. The secret of all this was that he had met those Gipsies before, and they had taken a liking to him.

"These your children?" she asked.

"Yes, these are mine."

"I will tell you your fortune to-night," said the Gipsy.

"Your wife had some money left her—a hundred pounds, I think; I can see the gold sovereigns; she will have more left her very soon; then you will go into a large business—a shop." (All stores in England are called *shops*.) "Yes, I know it will be a shop; then, after a long while, you will be very poor, but these children will take care of you and then you will travel; you will go to America, and you will be happy. This boy will be a man then, you have good children, sir. Your daughter there will be a great blessing to you."

Rob and Bessie did not say one word until the donkey wagon had left the Gipsies far behind.

"You knew the Gipsy, did you not, father?" asked Rob.

"Yes, I have met the same Gipsy several times."

"Are you not afraid of them?" asked Bessie.

"No, oh no!"

"How did the Gipsy girl know about the hundred gold sovereigns?"

"I do not know, Bessie."

"I thought," said Rob, "the Gipsy girl looked very nice in her red cloak and hood; the burning coal made a light on her face. Do you think Gipsies can tell fortunes?"

"Sometimes," his father replied, "I think that they do see into the future; we will remember what the Gipsy told us to-night; and if it comes true, then this Gipsy girl to-night told the truth; and in some way she has that power.

"I will remember," said Rob; "mother is to have more gold sovereigns left her; you are going into business, a shop and after a long while, when I am a man, you will be poor; but Bessie and I will take care of you; and if that comes true, we will; won't we Bessie?"

"Yes, my own dear good father," said Bessie, as she put her hand in her father's, "we will."

"But then," went on Rob, "the Gipsy said we should go to America; just think of that! we are to go over the great water! I am glad of that. We are going to travel, Bessie; we must take the donkey wagon with us."

"So endeth this chapter," said Mrs. Martin. "How do you like it, Willie and Jessie?"

"I think it good," replied Willie;" I wish I could have seen the burning mountain of coal dust."

"So do I," said Jessie; "do you think they are burning now?"

"O, yes! they are burning to-day, just as they did then; and if ever you go to England on a visit, you can go and see them."

(To be Continued.)

BATTLE CREEK, July 5, 1870.

REV J. I. BUELL,—*Dear Sir*: We desire to thank you for the effort made to overthrow what you deem an error in the moral and religious world. Surely none are made better, or more happy by believing a false doctrine, and the true work of the clergy should be to preach against error, wherever found, plainly, yet kindly and faithfully. Few, if any, desire to believe a lie, or a doctrine which leads to immorality and unhappiness. For this reason we are grateful to you for your effort to overthrow our system of moral ethics, thereby giving us an opportunity of reply, so that those disposed could hear both sides; for we believe truth never fears open, manly investigation, or suffers by conflict with error.

We would therefore earnestly ask you, if you still believe Spiritualism to be so opposed to moral purity, and so great an error, that you meet us face to face and discuss the matter of difference between us,—that we come together like men and brothers and reason upon questions which concern us all, and thus become the agents of leading souls from darkness to light.

Again thanking you for calling the attention of this community to the subject of Spiritualism, and trusting you may see it to be your duty to earnestly contend for the faith by an open discussion upon matters of difference between us, with the conviction that ultimately, truth shall come uppermost, and justice shall be done. We are your friends,

J. P. Averill, Dr. J. V. Spencer, Ralph Cummings, Mrs. S. M. Rockwell, Mrs. Nye, William Merritt.

TRUSTEES.

A GEM.

He who would know Retirement's joy refined,
The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind;
No cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,
No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,
With him must enter the sequestered cell,
Who means with pleasing Solitude to dwell;
But equal passions let his bosom rule;
A judgment candid, and a temper cool;
Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear
Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.

Thought-Gems.

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the "candid friend."
[Canning.

God helps them that help themselves.
—*Franklin.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

I never could believe that Providence has sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled, to be ridden.—*Rumbold.*

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
[C. P. Cranch.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.—*Lowell.*

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
[Longfellow.

It may be that thou art entered into a cloud, which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrows.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Nervous and excitable people need to talk a great deal, by way off letting of steam.—*Hawthorne.*

The man whose political career is on a line with his conscientious convictions, can never be unfaithful to his constituents or his country.—*Bright.*

The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons continually burning, to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked.—*Bishop Horne.*

Special Notices.

THE PRETTIEST WOMAN IN NEW YORK. Miss K——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrined at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy.

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THE FOLLOWING BOOKS ARE KEPT FOR SALE AT the Office of the

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A CRITICAL AND PARADOX WORK ON THE BIBLE AND OUR THEOLOGICAL IDEA OF DEITY,

As received from its authors, showing the Mosaic conception of a Divine Being to be incompatible with the Philanthrophy, Progress and Liberality of the present age; and blending Ancient Judaism, Paganism and Christianity into a Common Original.

BY M. B. CRAVEN.

The above work is for sale at the Office of the PRESENT AGE, and will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of 35 cts.

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	Price.	Postage.
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" " " " " "	1 25	20
Apocryphal New Testament,	1 25	16
Better Views of Living—By A. B. Child,	1 00	12
Christ and the People— " " "	1 25	16
Common sense thoughts on the Bible—Denton,	10	2
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Death and After Life—A. J. Davis,	50	10
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Wednesday Afternoon, July 20th.

The Premiums will be delivered to a committee selected by the subsc

Pacific Department.

J. S. LOVELAND, - - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at 350 Jessie St San Francisco, Cal.

The Lily of the Valley.

I thank my God ; I feel that not alone
On mountain peaks his blessed sunshine glows,
And dews drop sweetness ; even here far down
In meads a lily grows.

I am his work who made the evening star ;
Wherefore I lift to him my flowrets bright.
They die to-morrow, but to-day they are
Beautiful in his sight.

I look upon the hills, and sometimes dream
How they rejoice in morning's earliest light ;
And how serene and strong and still they seem
To guard the valleys all the gloomy night.

'Tis said the hights are cold ; it may be so ;
That winds are keener there and winters drear.
I know not how it is ; I only know
My God has placed *me* here—

Here in this little nook of earth, my own !
And sent a sunbeam, mine, to cheer my heart ;
He bids me bloom, perhaps for him alone !
Is there a better part ?

I bloom, stars shine ; we bloom and shine for him :
We give our best, grand world and humble flow'r,
A light, through ages never growing dim,
The fragrance of an hour.

So then he smiles, and takes with equal love
Our equal gifts, nor knows or great or small ;
But in his infiniteness reigns above,
And comprehends us all.

The Circular.

NOTE.——Can anything be more touchingly suggestive and beautiful than the above ? Whether prince or peasant, daisy or rose, we do our best, and Infinity comprehends us all. ED. AGE.

Pre-existence.

To the American mind, as a general rule, the idea of a life prior to the present, is one of those wild hallucinations which should entitle the holder to the asylum, or the profound pity of the sympathetic. Yet, not a few of the most eminent men the world has ever seen, have entertained that notion, and there are very many deep thinking minds to-day, who are inclining in the same direction, and still more are cogitating the matter, undecided, as yet, where the truth is to be found. Great names are not authority to-day, but, if they were, we might appeal to Jesus and Pythagoras, as authorities in the case. As it is, we will content ourself with a few suggestions and queries. It is obvious, that we have an existence. That it is not a chance one, and that we did not spring from nothing. In fact, the elements of our being, are strictly immortal. Through all of past eternity, the forces, mental, moral, and physical of our complex nature, have been in being. We can look back but a few years, in fact, we do not remember when, nor where we were born ; and, were it not for our observation in the case of others, we might well scruple as to whether we were born at all. Memory, or the power of reminiscence, is not the same as consciousness, however nearly they may be related. We think it would hardly do to say we possessed no consciousness in our early years, which we do not now remember.

Well, if two, three, or four years of conscious life may pass here without leaving any record on the memory ; by what authority are we entitled to affirm that centuries may not have passed in the same way. Do you say, that we never really forget, and that everything will be recalled in due time ? I answer, very well ; how do you know but what the apparently lost records of centuries agone may not be revived in the years yet to be ? Nay ; how do you know that what you call intuition, inspiration, impression etc, may not be the revived knowledge of the long ago.

The church has found it necessary to deny pre-existence to the human soul, because it would annihilate its doctrine of original sin. It teaches that the soul, as well as the body, is from the parents, by the way of natural generation. Hence, the original human pair have transmitted their soul depravity to all the tribes and families of men. Were all souls pre-existent, the ill-doing of the oldest man, would have no effect upon succeeding generations, unless all evil resides in so-called matter. But, as the soul could not well be damned for the depravity of the body, a different doctrine must be established, providing for soul damnation. This has been done, by making the first two souls sin, and then affirming that all men were seminally in the loins of their father Adam, and hence sinned and fell, thus becoming "obnoxious to the ills of this life and the pains of hell forever." Pre-existence destroys all this theology, at once and forever.

But this implies the doctrine of transmigration it will be said. Well, what if it does ? If true, it can do no harm. But, it does not imply it, in the gross sense. It does not follow, that we shall return in "a toad," or "a striped pig." It may imply the living in more than one human form in one great world-year ; or, it may imply only a life in a new form once in several millions of years. That is, we may live in one body now, and when this entire material universe shall be resolved into its former nebulous condition, and new worlds are formed, the spirit germ may then reclothe itself with flesh, living another earth-life. How many it has already lived, if any, none can tell. That it has never lived in any, we have not sufficient knowledge to affiirm. If we regarded the soul as a result of physical organization, a mere function, and not a force, an individual, we could solve the question as easily as we do the growth of mushrooms on a dungheap. But, conceiving of it as an entity, no such easy solution is ours. Should any one ask of the soul's status prior to the commencement of our sensuous, earthly consciousness, we could not positively answer. And, yet, we should be in just as easy a position as our objector. He does not believe souls are created to order by Deity, but that the elemental forces are in being somewhere. Well, we ask where, in what sort of position are they ? Who, or what controls the great fountain of soul element ? Is there life in them ? If not, does death become life, and on what principle ? If there is life, is there sensation, or consciousness ? There must be one or both, and if either, then some form of experience, some form of memory. Even the rocks have a form of memory, for impressions are made on them, and they render up the record to the psychometric soul.

But we recur again to consciousness. Is it absolutely certain that there is not a deeper, a more universal sense, or consciousness than what usually goes under that term ? We think there is. We think some persons, at times, pass into that state, where there is simply and only the consciousness of existence. It is not the mere sense of personal being, but of being in the universal, or absolute sense. This is noticed by the personal selfhood : but not as belonging to it. It is not conditioned by sense of time or space, it is the Deific consciousness, and so far as expression can be given in words, it is, *being, living.* Now, as all the universe of things moves in cycles, who can say that the soul, in its round of endless change, does not pass into that condition of absolute consciousness of life, for a season, only to emerge into a special life of sense in a new body. Who can say that the dream of the Hindoo votary, respecting absorption into Deity, is all a myth. If we knew precisely what they do, and did teach, without the gloss of Christian priests, it is possible we should find precisely the idea we are now suggesting. If Pythagoras had left any writings, stating his own doctrines, we should most likely find him as teaching the same. "The music of the spheres" would be resolved into the rythm of the God-consciousness of the favored moments of the favored few.

The known is born from the so-called unknown. What is this unknown, but the great soul realm whereon all forces make impression, and to which human souls belong, and are subtly linked ; and by a mysterious telegraphy, derive therefrom all that we call knowledge ? Still, that deep of soul may be as void of personal consciousness as the piece of wood from Pompeii's ruin, which tells the story of its overthrow ; as destitute as the written page, which reveals all the traits of the writer to the psychometrical reader. In fact, they all belong essentially in the same category, for the outer-soul of the world is also the inner-soul, and pervades all so-called matter. But, we will extend our remarks no further at present. We cannot say that we are a convert to the modern notions of pre-existence, termed by the French re-incarnation ; but, we are sure a closer and profounder style of thinking would greatly modify our present notions ; or rather would compel us to accept the loose thought we have been accustomed to cherish on this most profound topic. Ridicule, or sneers, will never settle it, or lead us to truth in any direction. To the superficial, there is no interest in such questions, but the thoughtful are compelled to discuss them to themselves, whether they have audience or not.

Instinct and Reason.

Not a little has been written and spoken upon the differences between instinct and reason. Many claim for the brute, reason in his actions. We do not now purpose to reopen the disscussion, by any attempt at exhaustive definition or anaylsis, but we wish to call attention to one or two palpable facts, and the inferences flowing therefrom, It is certain that however much some acts of brutes may seem to indicate the possession of reason, yet there is this single lack of it, manifest in them, they do not live according to plan. In other words, they have no sort of premeditated purpose, no plan as to future living. A few, like the squirrels of some species lay up stores for the winter, but they would do the same, if transported to a clime where there was no winter. But the ox and horse, which have most need of forethought, show no sort of genius in that direction. There is no evidence of real forethought in the squirrel, more than in the horse, by far, a more knowing animal. But man not only sees the present, he also foresees the future ; and makes, or seeks to make, provision for the same. This distinction is clear, and universally recognized.

But here comes in the most remarkable fact. While man has, superadded to the instincts of the animal, the wondrous powers of reason, he fails to secure the ends of physical existence with anything like the certainty which marks the career of animal life. The animal, left to itself, never adopts any mode of life prejudicial to its own well being. Never eats poison, or what will produce disease. Instinct provides for acquiring the greatest good and shunning the most of danger. There are no elaborate schemes for accomplishing the one or the other, and yet, man, with his wondrous reason, strives in vain for any such assurance. Why is this ? Why does increase of power diminish the certainty of success ? Man perpetually invokes the aid of his reason in the subordinate plane of existence. He is compelled thus to do. No mere instinct could sustain the earth's teeming millions for a single year.

The nearer man approaches the brute in instinctive habit, the more sparse is population, and the lower the standard of human enjoyment. But the the civilized man is perplexed and harassed by the uncertainty which environs him ; and it seems a great waste to be endowed with intelligence for the sole purpose of seeking the physical necessities of existence ; especially, when the instinct of the worm is far more successful in that direction. This receives added force, from the fact that man worries and distresses himself respecting the future, while the brute is content with the present, if its wants are met and never forecasts the future.

We are forced, from these and analogous facts, to conclude that the end of reason is above the mere necessities of the passing hour, and the fact, that it makes such egregious mistakes in this direction, points to the same conclusion. Then, the progressiveness of it hints something more then the present. Reason is ever looking ahead, peering into the future, the unknown. Why ? Fourier says : "Attractions are proportional to destinies," If so, (and who doubts the proposition) we should infer that the full scope of reason lies in the future : for that is the mighty magnet towards which it forever turns and points.

We have just said it was progressive in its very nature. Instinct is perfect at once. The young bird or animal needs no instruction to do just what its ancestors have done for thousands of years. But the growth of reason, is by slow, and often painful culture. Each age sees some progress, and we can see now in what respects progress will be made in the future. We see where the needed links are wanting, and how in time they may and will be found. Reason has made the grand discovery that every new fact, or invention, is a stepping stone for a further advance in the path of progress.

How unlike the brute life. But our topic admits of a further and more significant illustration. We allude to the moral attributes of the reason. Deeply imbedded in man's consciousness, is the conviction that he is not, in moral excellence, what he ought to be ; and that his fellows are in the same condition is quite as apparent. Moreover, he sees that the institution of certain conditions would enable him to be a much better person. Those conditions, however, cannot be inaugurated by one person. It must be the work of several, for it requires co-operation of many to secure the end desired. The many are not yet ready for such a work. There is a lack of knowledge ; and the prevalence of narrow, short-sighted selfishness, the result of ignorance, which must be overcome. As to self, the end of life seems to be, yea, *is*, an impossibility of acquisition under existing circumstances. We are forced almost to the idea that for man there is, there must be a future life. Instinct serves its perfect end in the animal ; while in man, reason interferes with his instinctive nature, and yet fails to do for the animal life what instinct does : and yet, its employment, in that direction so fetters it, that it fails of working out a life accordant with its own teachings : and thus leaves man an abortion in the universe, unless a life of progress in the future be admitted.

Looked at from all standpoints, it seems to us that nature teaches a future life.

Gladness and Regret.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

I joy for woman, because earth and heaven
Concede to her a privilege divine,
One uncontested sole prerogative—
The power of love. Oh ! it has made her path
A heaven of beauty, and obscured her chains
With roses. As a blossom by the way
Unfolds its leaves despite the scorching dust
And careless tread of swiftly passing feet,
So the God-element in woman's soul
Under the wrongs of ages struggles out
In love's pure efflorescence.

Yet I grieve
For woman's heart, because the world of man
Hath shorn her of love's fruitage. Not for her
The free ambition and the high resolve,
The aspiration ripening into deed—
True offspring of a universal love.
It was not always thus, or shall not be ;
For God's eterne maims not affection's life,
Nor mocks its incarnation with a lie.
For I—a woman----have sublimest dreams,
When sleep hath freed me from the ills of time ;
Dreams that are memories or prophecies.
My aspiration cleaves a deathless path ;
My thoughts are wings annihilating space ;
My wishes are creations ; and my song
Fills the whole open firmament of heaven,
Till all my being vibrates as a chord,
And I behold the lips of Deity
Smile a supreme "WELL DONE!"

For the Present Age.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BY IRA PORTER.

Our civilization has taken such a form that we have an occupation called *housekeeping.* The persons employed in this are of two classes: first, the mistress of the household, who superintends with more or less intelligence and wisdom the process carried on in each family. Second, the servants employed by this mistress who are *nominally* subject to her biddings, but *actually*, in most cases, to their own caprices. The mistress is supposed to have found her sphere, and is henceforth, so long as life shall last, to be employed in this one business, with all the varieties of dusting, sweeping, washing, making, mending, taking down and putting up furniture, cooking, washing dishes, &c.

If she be the mother of children, she is expected by and with the aid of the servants, to bestow upon them such care and attention as their wants demand. In this sphere and upon this buisness woman is expected to exert her influence and expend her energies. Here she exhausts her activities. Here her mind is fed or impoverished. Here it is expanded or dwarfed. Here her ambition must be bounded, her hopes centered. If she is to shine, it must be here or nowhere.

It is taken for granted that the husband will find his employment chiefly *outside* of home, the wife *within* it ; he in the sunshine and storm, she in the shelter and shade. If his employment be physical labor, it is such as develops muscle ; hers such as develops nothing. His work is expected to bring an income; hers to supervise the domestic processes for its expenditure. Custom assigns woman this sphere. Learned doctors of divinity insist that it is her *natural* sphere ; that to be discontented with it is rebellion; to seek any other, a sin against nature, against society and against God.

Let us direct our attention to this business called housekeeping. Inspect it ; see what it is, what it costs, what it requires, and what it gives in return.

What is a house ? Its primary sense is a covering. It is a human contrivance, designed to shelter its builder or owner and his family from the damps of midnight and the scorching heat of noon ; from the pelting storm and the blistering sunshine. It is a place for social converse, for study, for rest, for refreshment.

A house, in its original and main design, is for use. In the primitive condition of society, houses were originally cheap, simple, and, probably, like the tents of the Arabs and American Indians, portable ; built of such material that they could be easily put up, taken down, and conveyed long distances.—But a comparatively small share of the lifetime of the owners was passed in their house.

Experience shows that those nationalities which spend the least time in the house, and who are much in the open air and the sunshine, have the best health and attain the greatest longevity. Such nationalities do most of their cooking in the open air.

Houses were originally made for *use.* They have come to be made for display, for ornament.

Private dwellings were primitively cheap structures, now many of them are exceedingly expensive. Formerly they were such structures as a prudent man having sufficient skill, might rear, by his own labor, for his own use. Now some of them cost many times what the owner or occupant would or could have earned in a whole lifetime. Formerly the mistress of the household, kept the house in such order as was then fashionable, and found time to cook for the household, to knit, spin, weave, make and mend the garments for the family, and in addition to all this, not unfrequently work in the open field.—Women were then comparatively strong, healthy, and resolute. In the early ages of the race, the women not only did *all the work in and about the house, but the most of it in the field.* Labor was considered degrading to man, fit only for women. So it now is in all tribes of the American Indians.

Anciently, the house was a trivial incident in the affairs of human life. Now it is all absorbing to the female half of humanity in this country at least.

Modern housekeeping is a mighty maelstrom in which the female half of community is engulfed. If you find women without employment, without a trade, without revenues, poor, dependent, qualified for no business, with none to pursue, mere hangers on waiting for something to turn up,—if you pity and deplore their condition and seek a remedy, whichever way you look, wheresoever you turn, this mammoth evil, modern housekeeping, rises like a mountain in your path, shuts out the sunlight and makes escape apparently impossible. All single women are expecting to become wives, all wives are expected to be housekeepers. All literature, all trades, all ambition, every hope, every aspiration, are to be forever submerged and extinguished in housekeeping. All other employments are temporary, evanescent, incidental. The life of girlhood and young womanhood may be fitly compared to the time spent upon the street corners by those who await the horse cars ; a brief interval, too brief for business, or study, or place, or adjustment. Just long enough to be wasted.

What is this thing called housekeeping ? Look over your city and see. Here are palaces, costing from fifteen thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ; some of them large enough to accommodate fifty persons, with inmates perhaps less than a fifth part of the number. These are richly furnished within and elaborately ornamented without. Families who occupy them need, in order to defray their annual expenses, a revenue of from five thousand to twenty thousand dollars.

A laboring man who works on time for wages, is a model man if he can save one hundred and fifty dollars a year, after feeding and clothing himself. To do this he must work hard, dress plainly, and live cheaply. Families whose expenses are six thousand a year, consume the net earnings of forty of these hard-laboring men, who toil day after day without intermission, like galley slaves. Very probably the master and mistress of the mansion are both members of one of the popular churches, professors of the Christian religion, self-satisfied followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who speaking of himself, said : "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Such households have usually several servants. They virtually embrace two families, one family to serve, another to be served. The head quarters of one is in the parlor ; the other, in the kitchen. The social intercourse of the two is very much like that between the Jews and the Samaritans. The family in the parlor has its piano, its books, its kind of literature, its social and intellectual character, with more or less of that frivolity and snobbery which usually mark the intellectual culture of their class in this age and country.

The family in the kitchen have no interests in common with the family in the parlor. Bridget and her mistress have each found a sphere. I do not know that these spheres have been as yet scientifically numbered, but as nearly as I can judge, Bridget's sphere ranges from number one to number two ; that of the mistress from number three to number seven. Number seven, the highest sphere for a woman, is that in which she is the mistress of a *very large* house, of so great a number of servants that the house and the servants so occupy her time and thoughts that she can never think of death save as a coveted relief from a false, heartless unprofitable, unsatisfactory, vexatious, aimless, fruitless life.

In the same parlor with the mistress, there are probably other and younger persons of the sex, who have not yet found their sphere, but who are waiting for it with unmistakable signs of impatience. It would be wrong to say their life is aimless. That is not so. It has one great object and two or three minor ones. The first is to get a husband *able to support* a wife ; the second, a magnificent bridal dress, which shall cost more than any other bridal dress in the neighborhood ever cost, so that the dear, sweet, lovely young Christian may be able for a day, to envelop her soft, frail, worthless body in robes which shall cost more than a hard-working man can save in ten years of severe unrequited toil ; finally, a splendid wedding, including the wedding tour, and terminating in the palatial home, the seventh sphere of successful womanhood. Here her ambition ends. Here is its center and its circumference. We have learned divines, social scientists, who admire such houses, and would live in them if they could, who esteem them the greatest boon of Providence, the very hot-bed of all the Christian graces. They seem to think, that the sphere of a woman is to be a model housekeeper in such a house, and that whatever ambitions or aspirations divert her attention from its care and superintendence, is a personal blemish and a public mischief.

These divines have frequent and severe rebukes for those who use unsanctimonious words, fail to attend church, or maintain the ministry, but for those who, locust like, consume much and produce nothing, who destroy by their extravagance and for their personal indulgence what forty hard-laboring men can earn, they have only complaisance and smiles.

This fashionable housekeeping is an unmitigated evil ; it is the fruitful mother of a great family of evils ; it is not only a folly, it is a crime,—a crime against humanity, and like all other crimes, impairs most the happiness of those who commit it. Now can "a good Christian" grasp at so much of the good things of this world as to diminish the power of his brothers or sisters to obtain what they need, and especially what they earn ? Every man and woman who keeps house in what is called *style*, is committing this crime. Housekeeping is no more the sphere of woman than of man ; it is but a mere incident of human life, not a sphere for human activities. Its disbursements belong to your expense account, and men and women, if they were wise, would instantly seek to reform this monstrous evil, by devising means such that every human being might each be well housed and well fed at the smallest possible cost. A sound morality as well as human comfort demand this.

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Was Dickens a Christian?

What is Christianity ? The Master tells us that those who love him will do his works ; that the tree may be known by its fruits ; that profession is not unimportant, but that practice is far more significant ; that small observances count, but that the weightier matters of the law are the main thing ; lastly, that to fear God and to love one's neighbor as one's self is the law and the prophets. It is very much to be feared that though Dickens complied with the spirit of the Masters's own injunctions, he was not a Christian man ; he did not belong to *my* denomination. He did a good deal of God's work ; he made war on selfishness and ignorance; he taught most sweet lessons of virtue and its rich rewards, and he held up most terrible examples of crime and vice and their inevitable foolishness. He brought happiness to homes innumerable, and has earned the prayers and blessing of all mankind wherever heart-truths and human sympathy could reach, even to the spirit-crushed, superstition-beridden Hindoo. He has never once written an immoral precept ; but he has failed to inculcate a dogma. To be sure, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," has a dogmatic form, but it has no value unless pronounced by the duly licensed. No; we are afraid Dickens was not a Christian ; he was not one of *us*. Indeed, if one of the Twelve, those fellows that went about turning the world upside down, were to go about this our day, preaching in out of the way places, performing all manner of unlicensed irregularities, putting orthodoxy to shame, and bringing denominations into disrepute, we should repudiate such a one to a certainty. He might be one of the twelve, but he wouldn't be a Christian, not one of us.

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Ypsilanti	8.15	8.28	6.00	7.10	11.20
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Jackson	10.45	9.45	.....	9.20	AM 1.05
Marshall	PM12.25	10.35	.....	10.46	2.13
BattleCreek	1.00	10.57	Kal Ac	11.42	2.43
Kalamazoo	2.00	11.37	AM 5.45	AM12.15	3.35
Niles	4.10	PM12.50	7.40	2.10	5.10
Mich City	5.42	2.15	9.27	3.50	6.38
Chicago. Ar.	8.05	4.00	12.00	6.30	9.00

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STATIONS.	Dex. Ac.	Mail	Day Ex.	At'c Exp	Ng't Exp
	P M	A M	A M	P M	P M
Chicago.	4:00	5:00	10.00	5:15	9:00
Mich City	6:22	7.20	PM12.50	7:18	11:05
Niles	8:00	9.00	1.47	8:30	A M12:27
Kalamazoo	10:10	10:50	3.52	10:35	2:05
BattleCre'k	.....	11.53	4.04	11:20	2:48
Marshall	.....	P M 12.45	4:25	11:52	3:17
Jackson	A M. 4:50	2.10	5:25	AM. 1:05	5:35
Ann Arbor	6:45	3.53	6:24	2:20	6:00
Ypsilanti	7:10	4.20	6:42	2:40	6:20
Detroit.	8:40	5.40	7:35	3:45	7:30

DETROIT & MILWAUKEE.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	Express.	MAIL.	Accom.	Sag. Mixed Sleep'g Car.
Detroit, Dep't.	8.40 A. M.	9.20 A. M.	4.25 P. M.	11.30 P. M.
Pontiac.....	10.00	10.50	6.00	1.30 A. M.
Holly	10.45	11.50	7.00	2.45
Owosso.....	.....	1.20 P. M.	.....	2.40
St. Johns.....	.....	2.40	.....	.....
Pewamo.....	.....	3.20	.....	.....
Muir	.....	3.35	.....	4.40
Ionia.....	.....	3.50	.....	5.00
Grand Rapids.	.....	5.10	.....	.....
Nunica.....	.....	6.10	.....	7.50
Grand Haven.	.....	6.40	.....	8.25

TRAINS EASTWARD

STATIONS.	Accom.	Mail.	Thro. Ft.	Night Ex. Sleep'g Car.
Grand Haven.	.....	8.00 A. M.	7:00 P. M.	9.00 P. M.
Nunica.....	.....	8.25	.....	9.25
Grand Rapids	.....	9.25	.....	10.25
Ionia.	.....	10.40	.....	12.00 A. M
Muir.....	.....	11.00	.....	12.20
Pewamo.....	.....	11.15	.....	.....
St. Johns.....	.....	11.55	.....	1.25
Owosso.....	.....	12.45 P. M.	.....	2.15
Holly.....	10.10 A. M.	2.30	.....	3.50
Pontiac.....	11.25	3.40		5.00
Detroit.....	12.50	5.15		6.40

Detroit, Dec., 1869. THOS. BELL, Gen'l Supt.

LAKE SHORE & MICH. SOUTHERN.

(Kalamazoo Division.)

GOING NORTH.

Leave White Pigeon,	5:05 A. M.,	4:05 P. M.,	8:45 A. M.
Arrive Three Rivers,	5:36 "	4:42 "	10:05 "
Arrive at Kalamazoo,	6:50 "	6:05 "	1:10 P. M.
Arrive at Allegan,	8:04 "	7:23 "	4:05 "
Arrive at Grand Rapids,	9:40 "	9:25 "	7:45 "

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Grand Rapids,	7:15 A. M.,	5:00 P. M.,	6:00 A. M.
Arrive at Allegan,	8:50 "	6:33 "	10:00 "
Arrive at Kalamazoo,	10:05 "	7:55 "	1:50 P. M.
Arrive at Three Rivers,	11:26 "	9:21 "	4:30 "
Arrive at White Pigeon,	12:05 P M	10:00 "	6:00 "

P. P. WRIGHT, Supt. Kal. Div. Kalamazoo.

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May, 1870.

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Atlantic Express.....4:30 A. M.
(Daily.)
Day Express.....8:30 A. M
(Daily, Sundays excepted.)
Night Express.....6:45 P. M.
(Daily, Sundays excepted.)
The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time,) from foot of Tenth street at 4 a. m., foot of Brush street at 8:10 a. m. and 6:15 p. m., foot of Third street at 8:40 a. m. and 6:40 p. m.
Trains arrive at Windsor at 5:15 p. m., 7:30 a. m., 1:20 p. m., and 6:30 p. m.
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